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"WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX," *a New Serial Story,*
by Edward S. Van Zile, begins in this Number

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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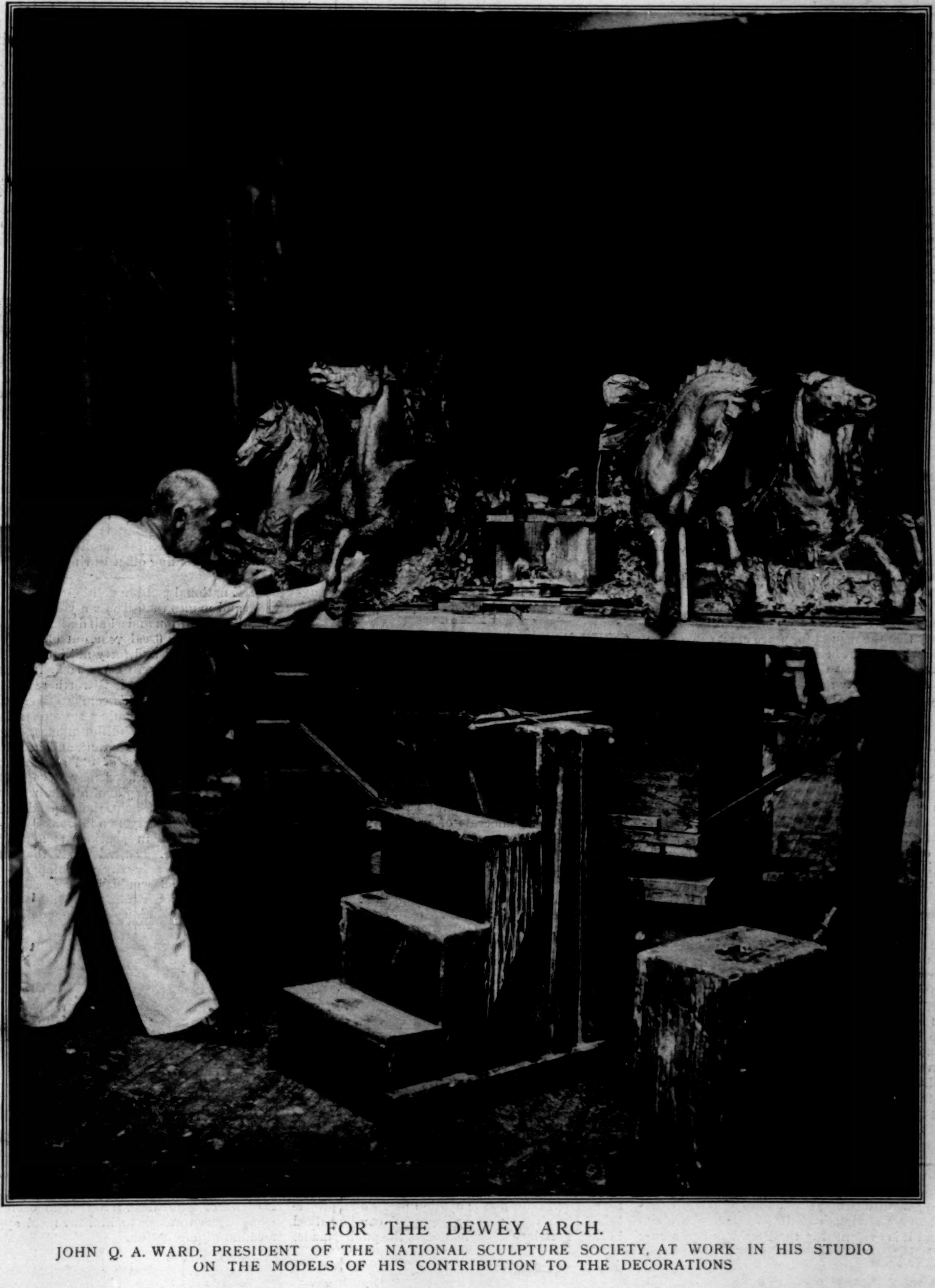

FOR THE DEWEY ARCH.
JOHN Q. A. WARD, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY, AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO ON THE MODELS OF HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE DECORATIONS

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899

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The War and the Country

THE President has repeated his declaration of policy as to the Philippines, which was first made public with any degree of authority in HARPER'S WEEKLY. In a speech delivered at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of August, the occasion being a public welcome to the Tenth Pennsylvania, just returned from the Philippines, Mr. McKINLEY announced that his purpose was "the speedy suppression of the rebellion, the establishment of peace and tranquillity, and a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States." This is, as we have said, a verification or a repetition of the statement made in these columns—of the President's policy with regard to the Philippines.

The main purpose of the President, however, on this occasion, was to eulogize the volunteers, and to insist that "there will be no pause until the insurrection is suppressed and American authority acknowledged and established." There is no doubt that, in saying this, the President expressed the wishes and purposes of the majority of the country. The WEEKLY has heretofore expressed the same opinion, and the more we feel the popular pulse and the better we comprehend the public sentiment on this subject, the more certain we are that the President has the country behind him. His partisan opponents may be expected to criticise any policy he might pursue. So long as American soldiers and sailors are in the Philippines engaged with an enemy in arms, the country will sustain the government, and they who oppose the active prosecution of the war, with the object of finally defeating AGUINALDO's forces, are hindering a settlement of the trouble. Even those who urge an honorable peace say that the request for peace must come from the men who have refused the first overtures of the government, and that there is nothing left for us, deplore the necessity as we may, but to fight vigorously until we are in a position to dictate terms. Expansionists and anti-expansionists agree that when the government is actually at war there is nothing for the patriot but to support it. To do otherwise would be inimical to the very existence of the republic; for war implies destruction, and when a people fight, even if the fight be unsought and unwelcome, they are doomed to fight on to an honorable peace. The situation in which this country now finds itself presents only one pressing question. The government is at war in the Philippines. It does not matter how the war began, or who invited or who fired the first shot. So long as the fighting is going on, the enemy ought not to be permitted to hope for comfort from any considerable part of the people of the United States. He ought to be made to know that it is the firm determination of the country to conquer a peace, and to consider the subject of permanent government afterwards. Governor STONE, who spoke on the same platform with the President, and who announced, speaking of the Philippines, that "we desire neither their revenue nor their territory," insisted that the insurgents must be conquered, and that if necessary the whole force of the government must be put forth to that end.

If AGUINALDO counts on any material or moral support in this country, he is mistaken. Whatever sympathy he may have had before he took up arms against the American troops in Manila, or that he may enjoy after he lays them down, he will have none that will benefit him while he is warring against us. The public mind is determined that the victory shall rest with this country, and it is evident that the President can secure all the troops he needs for the work which he has undertaken. The only issue concerning the Philippines will be as to their future government, and those who differ from the President on that subject are not helping themselves in the forum by refusing to aid in a vigorous prosecution of the war.

On one other point in the President's speech the whole country will agree, and that is in the noble estimate of the character of the volunteers and regulars who remained to fight after the expiration of their legal terms of service. Perhaps the WEEKLY has returned to this subject so often that we can add nothing to what we have already said in praise of the men who wear the uniform of the United States on land and sea. But while the theme may not be inexhaustible, it is always inspiring. Notwithstanding the enormous defects in our army administration system, the conduct of our troops in the field has given the world renewed assurance of the enormous reserve power of the people of this country, and of their readiness, not to rush to war, but in the arts of war after the conflict has been undertaken. It had long been taken for granted that no European power, which might eventually become hostile, underestimated this reserve power of the republic. It had long been admitted that, whatever might happen at the outset of such a war, in the end this country would not be conquered, while the resources of its enemy would be wasted. But when the war broke out, and the inability of the staff to fulfil the most ordinary demands upon it was evident, when we discovered how much dependence must be placed at once upon raw troops and ignorant officers at the very outset of a comparatively unimportant war, and when Congress displayed not only its inability to deal intelligently with military matters, but its indifference to the needs of the country, it began to be feared that we might not be so greatly dreaded in the future as we had been in the past. But the conduct of the men in the field and on board the ships has wholly relieved the most timid of their anxiety and made our prestige greater than ever before. It does not take long to train intelligent Americans into good soldiers, and it is evident that if Congress will follow the advice of Mr. ROOT, and not only learn the obvious lessons which the war has taught us as to the defects in our system of army administration, and as to the consequent weakness of the line, but will also act upon those lessons, there is no reason why the United States should not continue to enjoy for years to come those blessings of peace which have been ours not only because of our aloofness from foreign quarrels, but on account of the general recognition of the immense power of the young republic—a power now demonstrated to be ready to come forth to battle at the first suggestion of the nation's need.

THE Democratic Convention of Ohio plunged headlong towards BRYAN and the old silver issue in 1900, with some peculiar follies of a new sort. The solemn responsibility that now rests on the national Democratic managers is to decide whether they will risk the election next year on the old silver issue, on opposition to our holding our island territory, and on opposition to trusts. Precisely how the trusts can be effectively dealt with has not yet been pointed out; nor do the anti-expansionists present a definite plan. On these two issues the Democratic party, if it follow the lead of the Democrats of Ohio, will have only a negative basis for a campaign. They can organize the discontented, but they can hardly hope to win the approval of the thoughtful and prosperous. How much rallying power there is left in the 16-to-1 cry it is hard to predict. This remains the most dangerous element of Democratic strength. But neither the platform nor the Gubernatorial candidate of the Ohio Democrats reaches any noble height in politics; and if they may be interpreted as forerunners of the party's standard of action next year, the better element of the party will either again nominate a third ticket or again vote with the Republicans.

THE complete and permanent defeat of the immense water-supply job that was about to be thrust upon the city of New York carries a lesson that is applicable to every community where a boss or a predatory political organization thrives; and the lesson is that no job can be perpetrated in the face of even one vigilant and courageous official with even a half-aroused public opinion behind him. New York city is perhaps, on ordinary occasions, the most lethargic community in the world in the movement of public opinion for its own protection. If on short notice a great job can be balked in New York by one expression of the public, made, in this case, through the voice and actions of a very few public-spirited men, such an experience gives reason for renewed confidence in public opinion everywhere and on any subject. In fact, every community has the bosses that it deserves to have, and is made the victim only of the jobbers that it is unwilling to thwart. Such an incident coming during the vacation of the MAZET committee will give new zest to its investigations, which are about to be resumed.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S progress through the Mediterranean continued to the last to give proof both of the prestige that the American navy has won in European eyes and of the admirable bearing of our foremost captain of the sea.

THE action of the Union Veterans' Union, at their recent national meeting in Des Moines, in denouncing Governor LESLIE M. SHAW, of Iowa, for appointing J. RUSH LINCOLN, an ex-Confederate, as brigadier-general, is certainly regrettable. Prior to the Spanish-American war LINCOLN was instructor in military tactics in the Iowa State Agricultural College, and was recommended by the Governor for appointment because "he was conceded to be the best military man in the State." The hostile action of the veterans had basis only in the fact that LINCOLN had been a Confederate. One wonders what attitude these men take toward the administration for appointing such soldiers as General FITZHUGH LEE and General WHEELER to high commands. It is greatly to the credit of Governor SHAW that only considerations of fitness for the position had influence with him. These resolutions of the veterans can do him no harm; they are only regrettable in that they reflect a lingering animosity in the hearts of these brave men which we are all anxious to banish.

THE experiment in State-conducted primaries in California has had a remarkably successful first trial in San Francisco, where the corrupt bosses of both political parties have been defeated. HARPER'S WEEKLY has for some time contended that it is as much the duty of the State to preside at primaries as at elections, and the new primary law of New York is a short—a very short—step in the right direction. California has done much better, for under her law the primaries are presided over by inspectors selected without regard to their politics, and the Australian ballot is used. It is much too early to say that the experiment is entirely successful, or that the method cannot be improved. We think that it can be bettered by the establishment of an entirely non-partisan board of inspectors, appointed through competitive examination and holding office during good behavior.

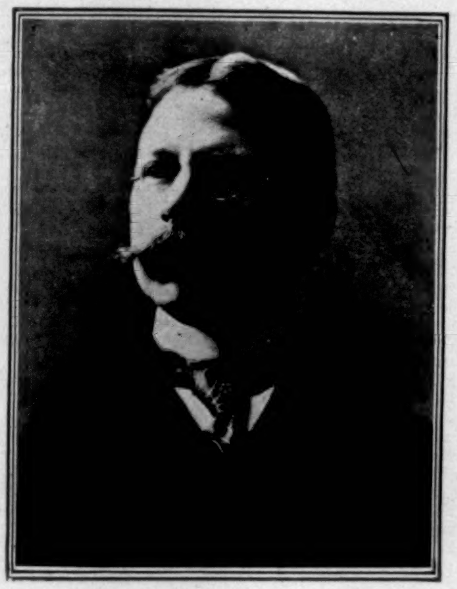
THE national pension roll is less by a few thousand names than it was a year ago, and more than a million and a half dollars were left over, at the end of the fiscal year, out of the appropriation of a hundred and forty millions. Pensioners of the Spanish war will cause some increase in the number of names; but it is worth recording that, leaving out of mind this comparatively small addition, the list is becoming smaller, although it now contains nearly a million names. In spite of abuses, some of them flagrant, and in spite of the amazing attractiveness of old soldiers to young women, whose widowhood may have the consolation of pensions—in spite of all the waste and unworthy bestowal of help, the expenditure of the colossal sum of nearly two billions and a half of dollars since 1866 in pensions is a monumental piece of national gratitude that the generation that has paid it has hardly yet comprehended. A historical parallel would be impossible to find. The long agitation against abuses has borne fruit in the recommendation of the commissioner that a commission be appointed to report desirable revision of the laws—a plan that ought not now to meet with serious opposition.

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have doubtless noticed with regret the disappearance from its columns of the London Letter of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE. We regret ourselves that new plans for HARPER'S WEEKLY make it impossible to devote sufficient space regularly to the foreign subjects upon which Mr. WHITE writes so ably and interestingly. We have therefore been obliged to discontinue the London Letter as a stated contribution to this paper, but we do not intend thereby to deprive the readers of the HARPER periodicals of the valuable services of Mr. WHITE. We expect to continue to present his views and observations from time to time in the various publications of HARPER & BROTHERS, selecting in each instance what seems to us or to him the most appropriate medium of publication.

TAMMANY ON TRIAL—*The Mazet Investigation*

THE Mazet committee is to resume its sessions next week. It is charged that this investigation is partisan. This charge may be true, and yet the investigation may result in disclosing much that is valuable. In fact, it has already revealed that the city of New York is at the mercy of a gang of men, of whom Croker is the chief, and who constitute the controlling power in the Tammany organization, which, in turn, controls the municipal government of the metropolis of the country. It is said that much of the testimony taken before the Mazet committee is but a repetition of that which was taken before the Lexow committee. This is not altogether true, for the new investigation includes an inquiry into the manner in which Richard Croker—who declined to tell the committee whether or not he is a millionaire—acquired his fortune, and into the nature of his power over the men whom the voters of the State and city have elected to carry on their business in their behalf and for their interests. These matters were not touched upon by the Lexow committee.

Besides, so far as it is true, there is not only no harm in repetition, but great good may come from it. The manner in which municipal government is conducted in New York ought to be revealed again and again. The story of shame ought to be dinned into the ears of good citizens until they rise in revolt. The only way to put an end to the boss and, what is of far more importance, to his system is to take advantage of his cynical frankness, and to lay bare, as often as opportunity permits, the nature of his despotic rule.



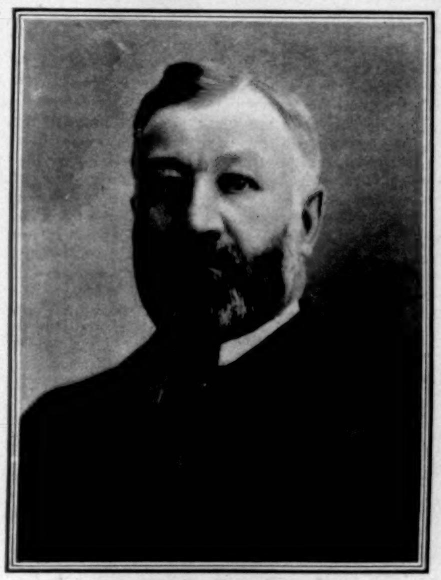
ROBERT MAZET,
Chairman of the Committee.

CROKER'S PRIVATE BUSINESS

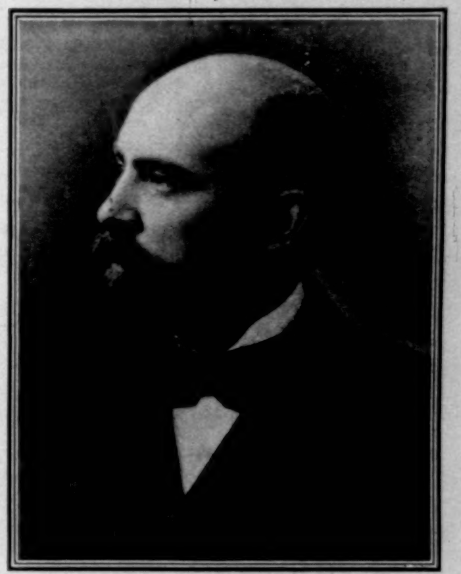
The evidence of Croker and Freedman taken before the Mazet committee last spring shows that Croker and his organization regard the municipal business as his own private affair. He testified to this a score or more of times; in brief, he appears to have so testified whenever a truthful answer to Mr. Moss's questions would have put him in an awkward dilemma. He is at the head of the organization to which the voters have turned over the control of their municipal affairs. He is the irresponsible chief of the men who actually perform the task of municipal government. They are elected as the servants of the people, but they do his bidding, and not the bidding of their legal masters. He cannot be punished by the people for the misdemeanors and crimes of the people's servants, for he is not responsible—he is not one of the servants—and the servants feel that they are safe because the people choose for servants those whom he selects. To obtain and retain their employment they must please him. Controlling all who do the city's business, and directing the channels into which the trade of the city shall flow and the methods governing it, he yet holds that when he deals with the city the business is his alone—his "private affairs," as he terms it in his testimony. Therefore the more business Croker carries on with the city, the less chance is there to discover corruption in the municipal government.

This is the feature of the testimony so far taken by Mr. Moss that is the most interesting contribution made by the Mazet committee to the history of municipal corruption. It is an old story, doubtless, that the politicians regard the public business as existing for the private good of those who happen to fill the offices for the moment, but here is the clearest and most significant illustration of it. Here is the theory which underlies the spoils system carried to its logical conclusion.

Mr. Croker has a son Frank, who is recently out of college. He was looking about for a business, and his father was naturally solicitous in his behalf. In due course of time they thought that Frank would find congenial occupation with the John A. Roebling Sons company. There were several reasons why this company should appeal to the predatory eye of a boss seeking for more. It is fair to Croker, however, to state that he testified that none of them appealed to him. He was but thinking of a good chance for a "young boy," and acting, if we are to believe his testimony, without much intelligent interest. But the Roebling company built bridges, and New York had bridges to build over the East and Hudson rivers. Moreover, the Roebling company manufactured a fire-proofing material which was practically excluded from the city by Croker's Building Department. The Building Department has the right to determine, among other things, what is and what is not proper and effective fire-proofing, and at the time of which we speak the Roebling and all other concrete fire-proofing had been excluded. There was room for a boss's son in such a concern. The John A. Roebling Sons company, however, is a family corporation. Outsiders are not admitted. But some one with intellectual resources circumvented the difficulty. Perhaps it was Major Hinkley, chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York. At any rate, Frank Croker and Hinkley went into a new Roebling company, which dealt in fire-proofing material alone. Of this company Frank Croker was made the secretary, and drew a salary of $2500 a year, although he knew nothing about the business, not knowing even where his company—called the Roebling Construction Company—kept its bank account. He did know, however, that no building plans specifying the Roebling fire-proofing were rejected after he became a member of the new corporation—or rather after the new corporation had been formed, apparently for the purpose of gratifying the Croker ambition to be connected in business with the Roebling family. He knew also that while this fire-proofing had been excluded from the new school-houses before these relations had been established, afterwards it was not only acceptable to the Croker Building Department, but was actually specified, being printed in the blanks for bids.



RICHARD CROKER,
Boss of New York.

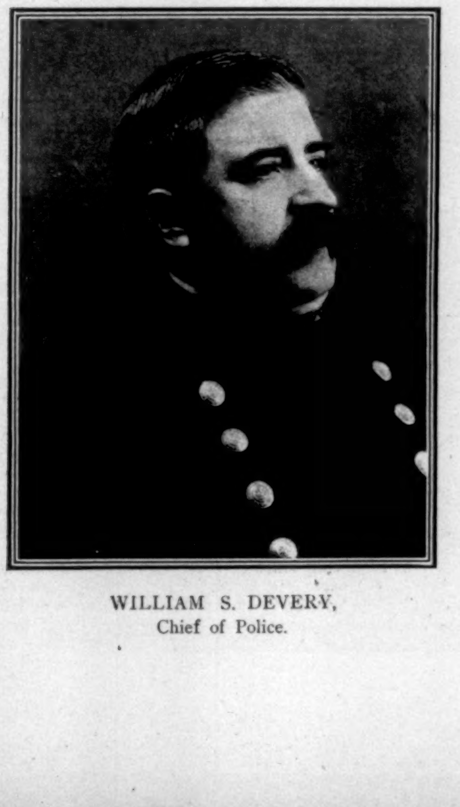


FRANK MOSS,
Counsel to the Committee.

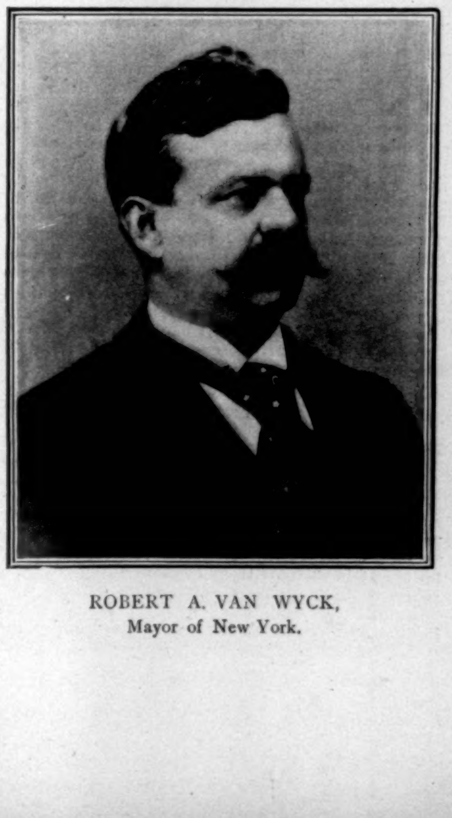
Frank testified that he paid for his stock in the company the sum of $17,000, which his father had given him. He did not pay in a check, nor did he take a receipt for the money, other than the certificate of stock. His father, however, declined to say whether he had given Frank this $17,000, on the ground that it was his "private affairs" into which Mr. Moss was trying to pry. That is, he insisted that the city has no right to know whether its officers of the Building Department are shutting out from the city some fire-proofing material and letting in the similar material of Croker's son. If Croker compelled the city to buy his son's material, and the city authorities to accept that material, it was his own private business. He had captured the city by defeating Seth Low and electing Van Wyck, and he had the right to manage it as his own, and to make a fortune out of it for himself and his family.

THE AUTOTRUCK COMPANY

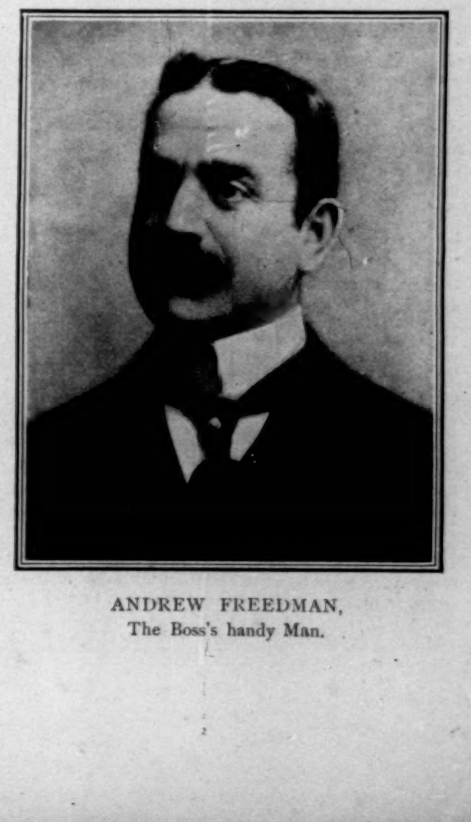
The Autotruck Company is a corporation organized for the purpose of running trucks by compressed air. It has a capital of $10,000,000. Croker is a stockholder



WILLIAM S. DEVERY,
Chief of Police.



ROBERT A. VAN WYCK,
Mayor of New York.



ANDREW FREEDMAN,
The Boss's handy Man.

in it, and chairman of the executive committee. He refused to say how much stock he had in the Autotruck Company, or whether he paid for it or was expected to pay for it. That was his private business. This is the company which demanded of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company the right or privilege of hanging its pipes underneath the structure of that corporation. It had been supposed that in consequence of the company's refusal to carry the pipes of the Autotruck Company Croker's Board of Health had menaced the corporation, while hostile action was expected from his Building Department. Yet he swore that the character of his connection with this corporation was his own private business. In answer to a question, he declined to "let you [Mr. Moss] know" that one man (himself), who holds no official position and is in receipt of no official salary, controls the city departments, makes the officers, dictates the policy of the officers in all directions, then gets into companies without having to pay anything for his stock. Assuming all this to be true, he said that it was his private business. He was asked if he had not been presented with $140,000 of the stock of the company. He refused to reply to the question.

BENJAMIN HOFFMAN,
Tammany Member of the Committee.

But these questions and answers are significant and illuminating:

Q. Did not your associates in the Autotruck Company bring you in there and present you with a substantial block of stock in order to secure your mighty influence in preventing the city departments from interfering with that company?

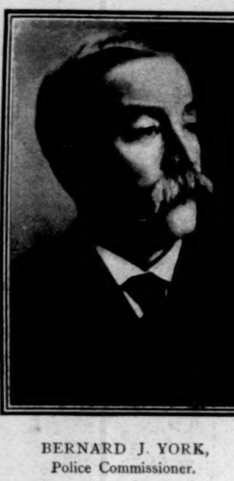
A. I decline to answer that.

Q. Why do you decline to answer that?

A. That is my own personal affairs. [*Sic.*]

Sometimes Croker forgot himself while he was on the witness-stand, and forgot to assert his right to be silent as to his private affairs, showing clearly that his refusals were dictated by conscious guilt. For example, he denied that he sold Manhattan short when the company was set upon by his fellows. Again, he admitted that a number of persons, including Mr. John Jacob Astor, called upon him for the purpose of securing his influence with reference to the projected establishment of a new telephone company, the object of which was to compel a reduction of rates, his influence being wanted, as Mr. Moss set forth, to secure the passage of bills, of ordinances, and resolutions, the action of the Municipal Assembly or the Board of Aldermen, as the case might be, and the action or non-action of the heads of departments. He remembered that his influence was sought, and that the new company was not established, but he could not remember whether or not he had a talk with Mr. Cutler, or any other representative of the New York Telephone Company, with which the new company would have competed; and he positively declined to say whether or not he had any stock in that company. That, again, was his private business. If he used his political power to prevent competition in telephones, it was his private business. Again, he at one time denied having received any money from Mr. Cutler, and then, recollecting himself, declined to answer the question. He also declined to say whether he had made any agreement with Mr. Cutler under which he was to receive money from the New York Telephone Company.

He was asked as to his real-estate business and his partnership with Peter F. Meyer. He testified, in effect, that he had little to do with it but lend his name. His firm receives judicial sales from Tammany referees and judges, and from the Tammany Sheriff. He apparently had little to conceal here. He even went so far as to say that he considered that he had a right to share in the profits of judicial sales which came to the firm on account of his boss-ship, and it was clearly the duty of Tammany judges to designate a room in his office for the holding of such sales — this was a kind of private business which he was willing to acknowledge. And he glibly answered questions as to his holdings of stock in the Amsterdam Gas Company, which, he says, he sold so as not to be involved in the war that was about to spring up over the Astoria gas bill. Here was a delicacy which no one could have anticipated from Croker.



BERNARD J. YORK,
Police Commissioner.

Other witnesses before the committee helped to throw light on Croker and on the kinds of private business enterprises which he did not care to acknowledge. Henry W. McDonald, late candidate of the silver Democrats for Governor, swore to a conversation with Judge Bennett, a director in the Flushing Gas Company, in which Judge Bennett told McDonald that the stockholders of the company had presented Croker and Andrew Freedman with 20 per cent. of the capital stock of the company; that Freedman was made a director, and that, in return for the generosity of the stockholders and the confidence of the corporation, Freedman and Croker agreed that the company should have a contract from the city for 500 additional lights. Freedman denied that the stock was presented. He, however, regarded the affair, connected with it as the city might be, as a personal matter.

THOMAS J. BRADY,
Commissioner of Buildings.

THE U. S. FIDELITY AND GUARANTEE CO.

There was a good deal of testimony taken as to the United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company. This and the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland—commonly known as Platt's company — were formed for bonding liquor-dealers, State and city officials, and contractors. They bond others, but this is their principal business. Croker and Freedman are interested in the United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company. It has bonded many officers and contractors; not so many as its rival, which has been longer in the business, but it is responsible in some millions of dollars for the good conduct and fidelity of many employés and contractors. Its business depends, of course, upon Croker's power, and to the question as to whether or not the boss paid for his stock, Freedman responded, "It is paid for." The company has paid no dividends, but Croker receives something from the commissions and salary paid to Freedman—something that no other stockholder receives. Freedman refused to say how much Croker received in this way. He swore that it was not $50,000 a year, but declined to say that it was not $40,000. No record of these payments is kept.

PATRICK KEENAN,
City Chamberlain.
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Although Croker refused to say that he was not a millionaire, he swore off his personal taxes in 1898.

THE POWER OF THE BOSS

These facts brought out in the testimony show the power which Croker wields over the trade and commerce of this city. He controls every authority who comes in contact with business and trades. His Building Department has been found to be a blackmailing concern. Its jurisdiction extends over every builder in the city, for it can interfere with any construction in progress, forbidding a proper use of the streets unless the builder pays for it, rejecting his mortar, declaring his plans insufficient, and in a number of ways it can invent a demand for hush-money. It takes advantage of its opportunities. The Health Board can also be used for blackmailing. The Dock Department has jurisdiction of all the waterfront, and its uses or abuses of its power can be learned from the testimony of Richard J. Foster, who undertook to compete in the ice business with the Consolidated Ice Company, favored of Tammany. Dock facilities are necessary in the ice business in New York, and landing-platforms are essential. Mr. Foster was obliged to pay a higher rent than is charged the Consolidated Company, and when he declined to go in with that corporation the Dock Department attempted to break up his business by petty annoyances, ordering his platforms removed, etc. The power of the organization is shown by the enormous sums demanded and received from corporations for campaign expenses. It is true that Croker testified that he had never heard of a contribution of $750,000 by the Metropolitan Street Railroad to Tammany's campaign fund, but it would be interesting to know if the company paid Tammany for the franchise which it has taken by arranging the conduits along its tracks for supplying electricity for power and lighting purposes. The city has received nothing for the franchise, and the boss, or his adviser, as is abundantly shown, is not a fool.

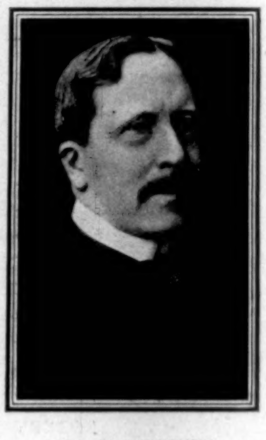
Mr. Moss cannot finish his case without calling the officers of this corporation, and of all corporations who are bled by this monster of iniquity. Let him call also the liquor-dealers who are induced to buy Maryland whiskey at the solicitation of friends and relatives of prominent Tammany politicians, and who are blackmailed by the police.

THE POLICE

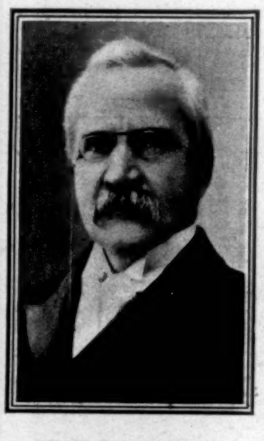
As to the police, it is probably the worst force the city has ever had. Its inefficiency and corruption are notorious. The men neglect their duties, for they are dependent for their places and stations only on their pull. It is difficult to find them on their beats. They frequent liquor-saloons and resorts of vice openly in uniform. They are the companions and partners of thieves and degraded women, whose plunder they divide. They are accessories of crime and persecutors of the innocent. The Lexow committee's revelations have been made again in this investigation of the Mazet committee, and new depths of infamy have been brought to light. It is difficult to measure or compare the different stages of depravity to which the New York police descend during the various terms of Tammany's ascendency in the municipal government.

The story of Simon Buttner, a liquor-dealer and presumptively a law-breaker, affords a sufficient illustration of the character of the testimony taken before the Mazet committee on the subject of the police, and on the revelations made in HARPER'S WEEKLY by Franklin Matthews.

Simon Buttner was the proprietor of a place known as the Broadway Garden, which was closed by the police. He had been arrested for stealing money from a man named Magowan. On this charge he was acquitted, the complaint being dismissed. The testimony before the commission showed just such a state of relations existing between this saloon-keeper and Captain Price of the police force as had been shown to be general throughout the city at the time of the Lexow investigation. Buttner, then proprietor of another place situated in the Bowery region, swore that in 1890 he had paid Price for protection $100 a month and "one-half of every trick that comes off." That is, this Tammany police officer was accused by this saloon-keeper of willingness to protect a den of thieves in consideration of receiving one-half of the proceeds of every robbery that took place in the saloon, he naturally assuming that robberies would be committed there. Whenever a complaint was made at police headquarters or at the station-house of the precinct against Buttner's saloon, this model captain, as this witness declared, demanded money from Buttner — sometimes $50, sometimes $40, sometimes $25 — in consideration of neglecting the complaint of the citizen. When Buttner established the Broadway Garden in 1898, he had already made himself unpopular with politicians and policemen for swearing in Jersey City against Assistant-Prosecutor Joseph Noonan and Assemblyman Alexander Simpson, who had been indicted for bribery. He says that he had previously made a false affidavit to prove their innocence at the dictation of "Silver Dollar" Smith; that he had not been long at the head of the Broadway Garden when Price turned up as captain of the precinct, and threatened to break up the "business" unless Buttner paid him $150 a month, through the notorious Bob Nelson, and, as usual, half of "any trick"; that he refused, and then his persecution began in the form of arrests under the excise law. He accuses Price of having made his life miserable, arresting him frequently, lodging him in a cell, and refusing to permit him to send for bail or counsel. Finally Buttner says that he was told plainly by Price that he was not wanted in the precinct. He was not pliable enough, and besides he appears to have interfered by competition with other lively immoral businesses that were openly carried on in the Tenderloin district by more favored individuals. There was a riot of vice there, and the police were partners with the men and women of the dives and streets, dividing the proceeds of robberies, and letting the guilty go free. The revelations of the Lexow committee were not one whit more startling and shocking than those made by the witness Buttner. It is a singular story to read of a thickly populated part of the metropolis of the New World. If Buttner's evidence is true, the police captain, certainly with the countenance of Chief Devery, and therefore of Croker, presided over the criminal gangs that made the streets unsafe. Bob Nelson bailed the arrested women by an arrangement with the ministers of justice. The women went free, having paid Bob his fee, and then the plunder was divided between the police and their partners. Buttner was not welcome because he would not divide, or because he would not be bad enough. At last the Magowan robbery was laid at his door, and he was arrested, only to be discharged, for there was no evidence against him. Magowan seems to have served as a decoy. The attempt to reopen the case against Buttner failed because the two witnesses who were to have perjured themselves in order to convict Buttner announced that they were disinclined to carry out their infamous contract, the supposition being, besides, that the police had been "squared."



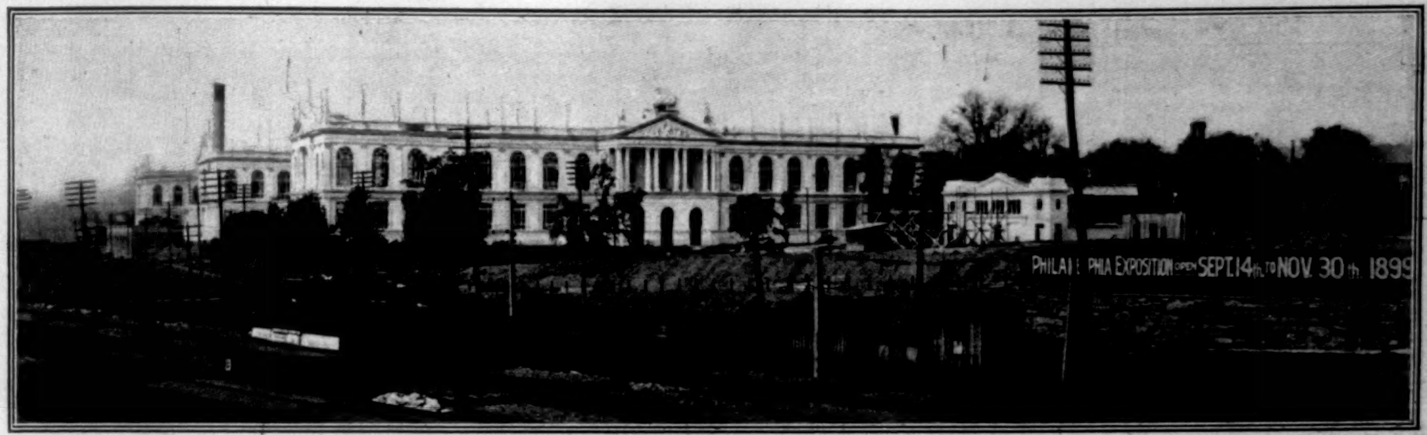
ASA B. GARDINER,
District Attorney.
Copyright, 1899, by R. Wilhelm.



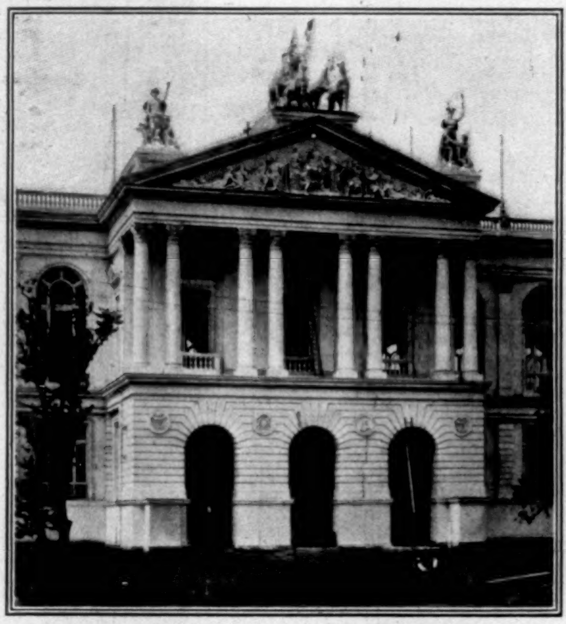
THOMAS L. FEITNER,
Tax Commissioner.
Photograph by R. Wilhelm.

This is the substance of the case made by Mr. Moss before the Mazet committee. The investigation should continue as long as there is a witness who can add to the miserable story.

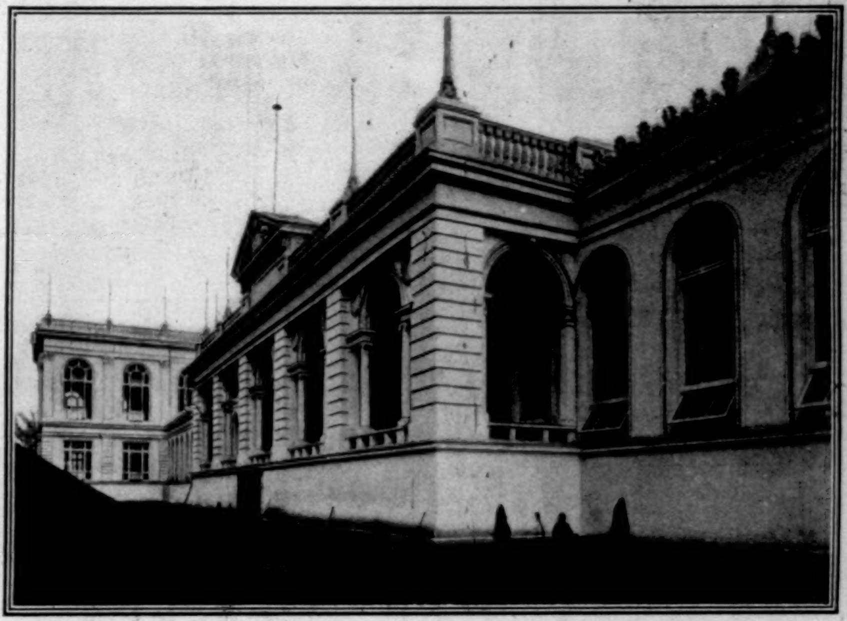
H. L. N.


PHILA PHIA EXPOSITION OPEN SEPT. 14th TO NOV. 30th 1899

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDING AND GROUNDS AS THEY NOW APPEAR.



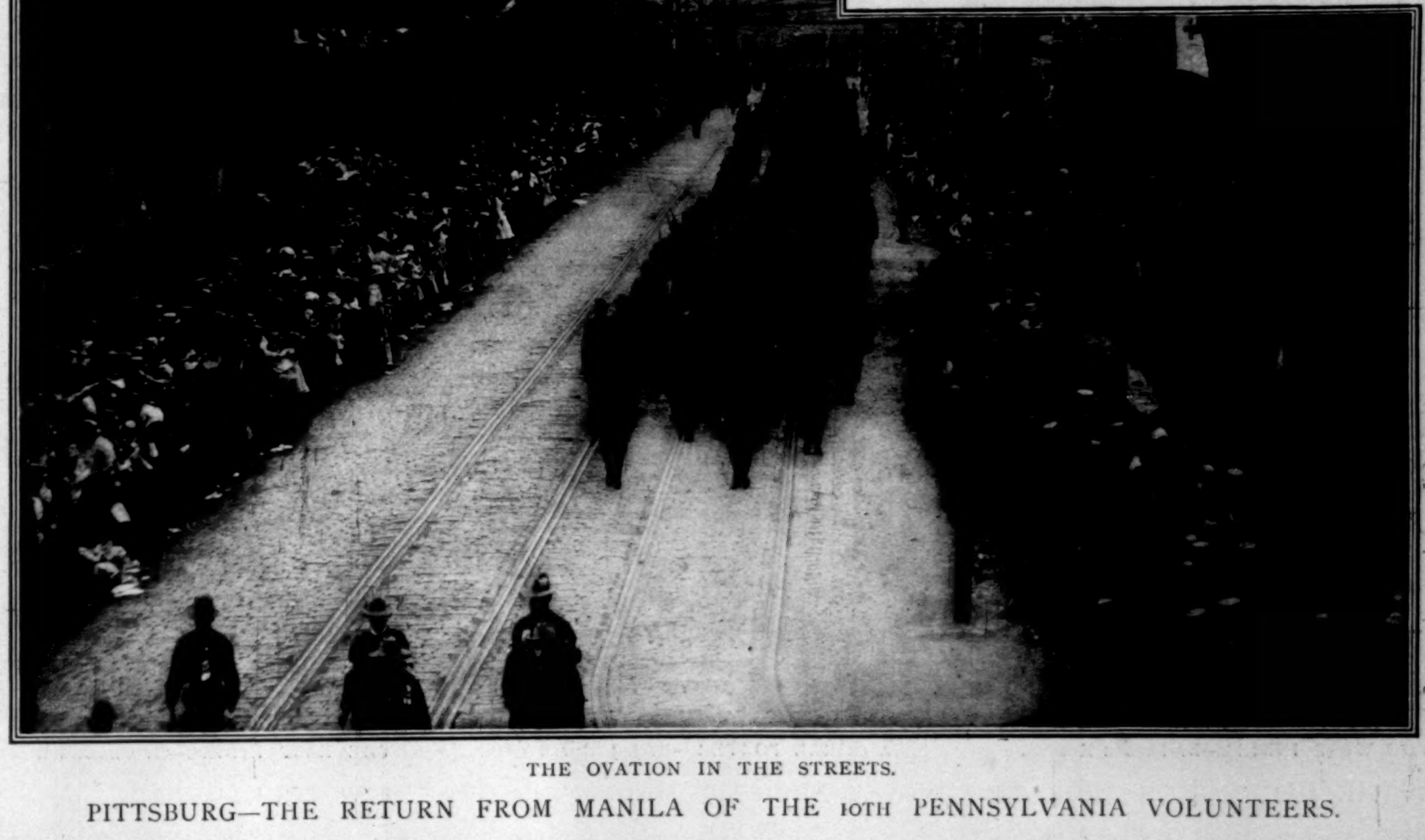
GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE NORTH PAVILION.



LOGGIA ON WEST SIDE OF MAIN BUILDING.

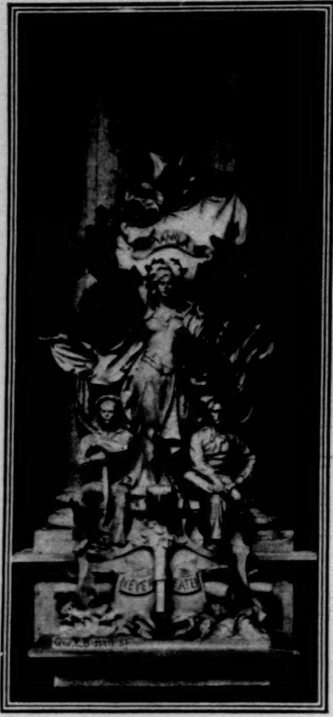
PHILADELPHIA—THE NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION, TO OPEN SEPTEMBER 14.

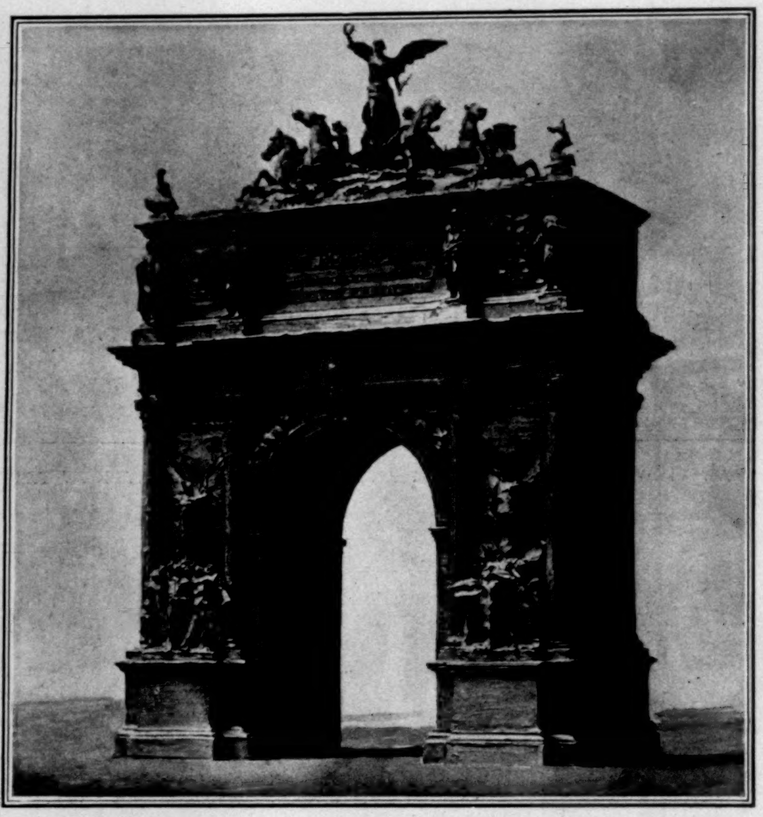
LIEUT.-COL. BARNETT AND STAFF PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.

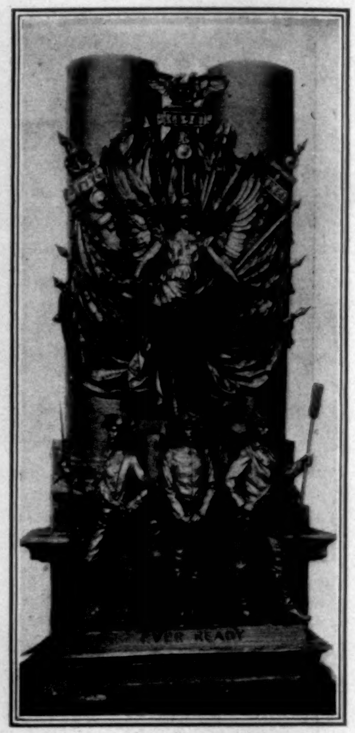


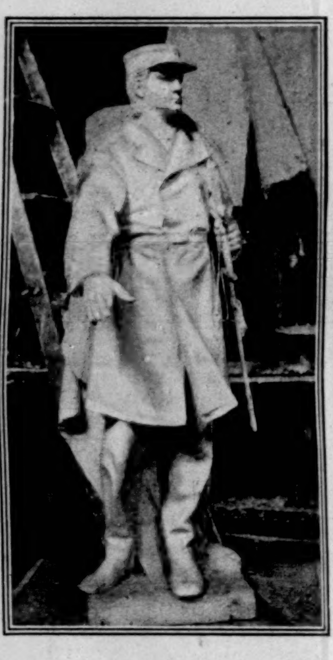
THE OVATION IN THE STREETS.

PITTSBURG—THE RETURN FROM MANILA OF THE 10TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

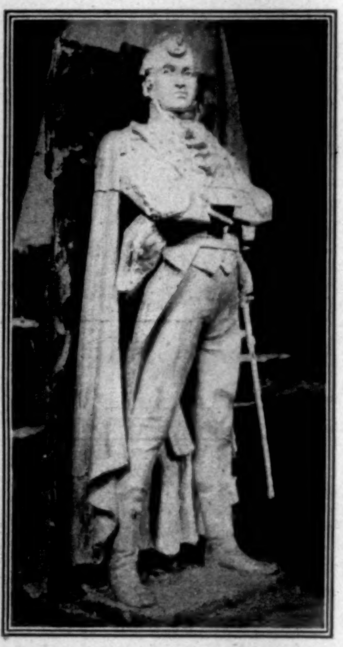

THE NAVY.
By George E. Bissell.

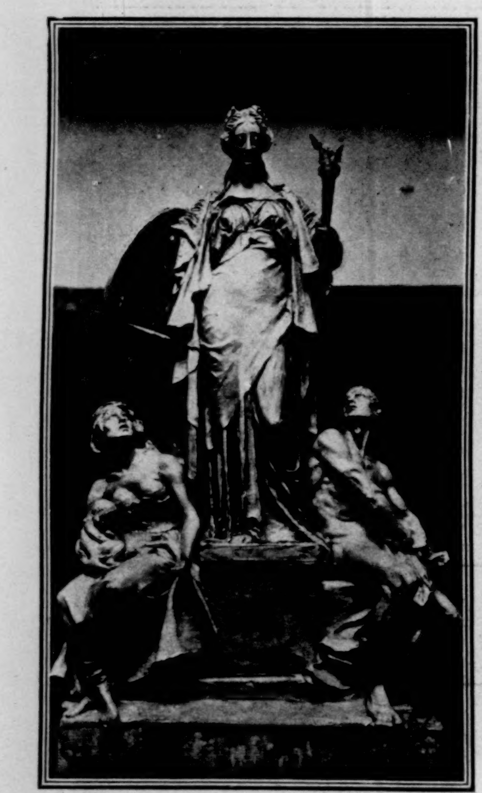

THE MODEL OF THE ARCH.—Designed by Charles R. Lamb.

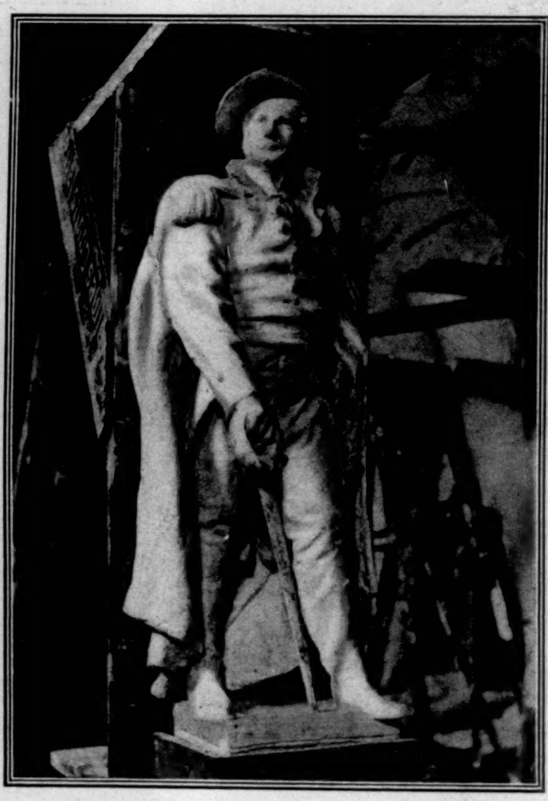

THE ARMY.
By F. Wellington Ruckstuhl.

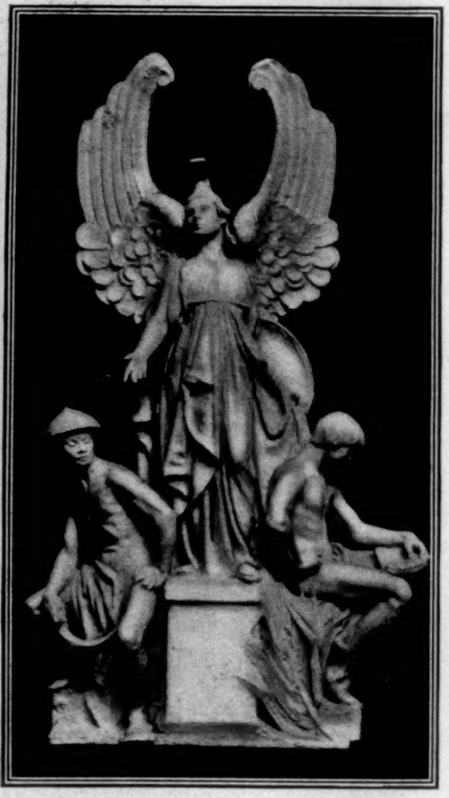

LIEUTENANT CUSHING.
By H. A. Lukeman.

THE NORTH AND EAST RIVERS.—By Isidore Konti.

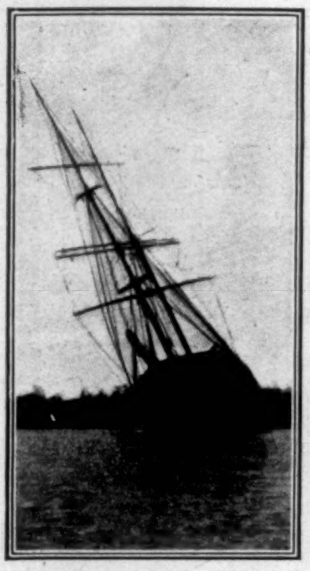

COMMODORE DECATUR.
By George F. Brewster.


THE WEST INDIES.—By Isidore Konti.

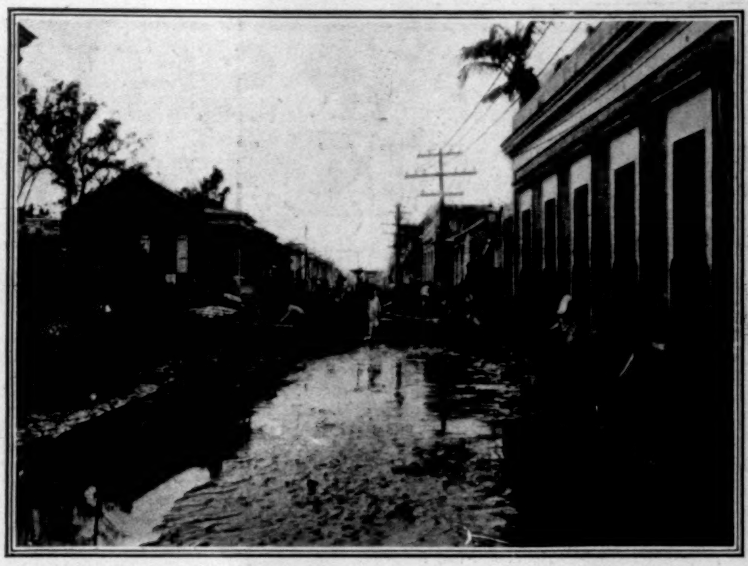

ADMIRAL PORTER.—By J. J. Doyle.


THE EAST INDIES.—By Charles Lopez.

THE DECORATIONS FOR THE DEWEY ARCH AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—[See Page 901.]

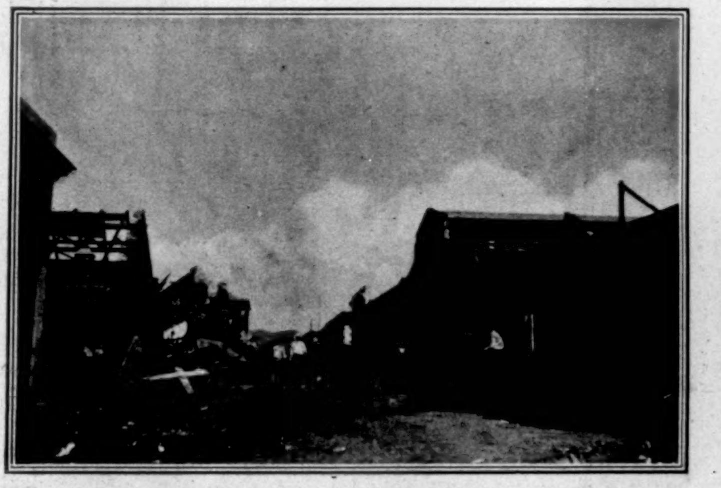


WRECK OF THE SPANISH BRIGANTINE "VENTURA."



A STREET IN PONCE.

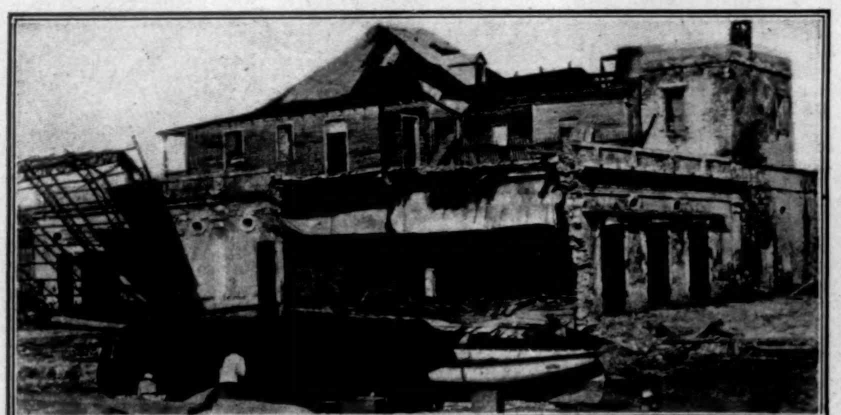
RUINS OF SUGAR-MILL AT SAN JOSÉ.



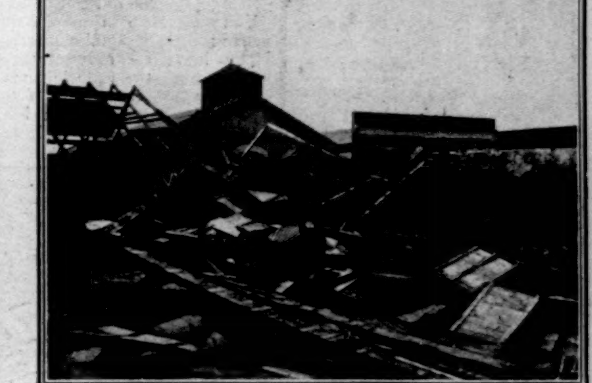
THE MAIN STREET OF PLAYA, THE PORT OF PONCE.

A VICTIM FROM THE MOUNTAIN, CARRIED DOWN BY THE FLOOD.

THE CONDITION OF THE MILITARY ROAD NEAR PONCE.
This Road, before the Tornado, was considered one of the best in the World



THE CAFÉ AVELINO GONZALES AT PLAYA.



THE WRECK OF THE WAREHOUSES AT PONCE.

IN THE TRACK OF THE PUERTO RICO CYCLONE—A CITY IN RUINS.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly" by O. A. Parker.

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME CALL

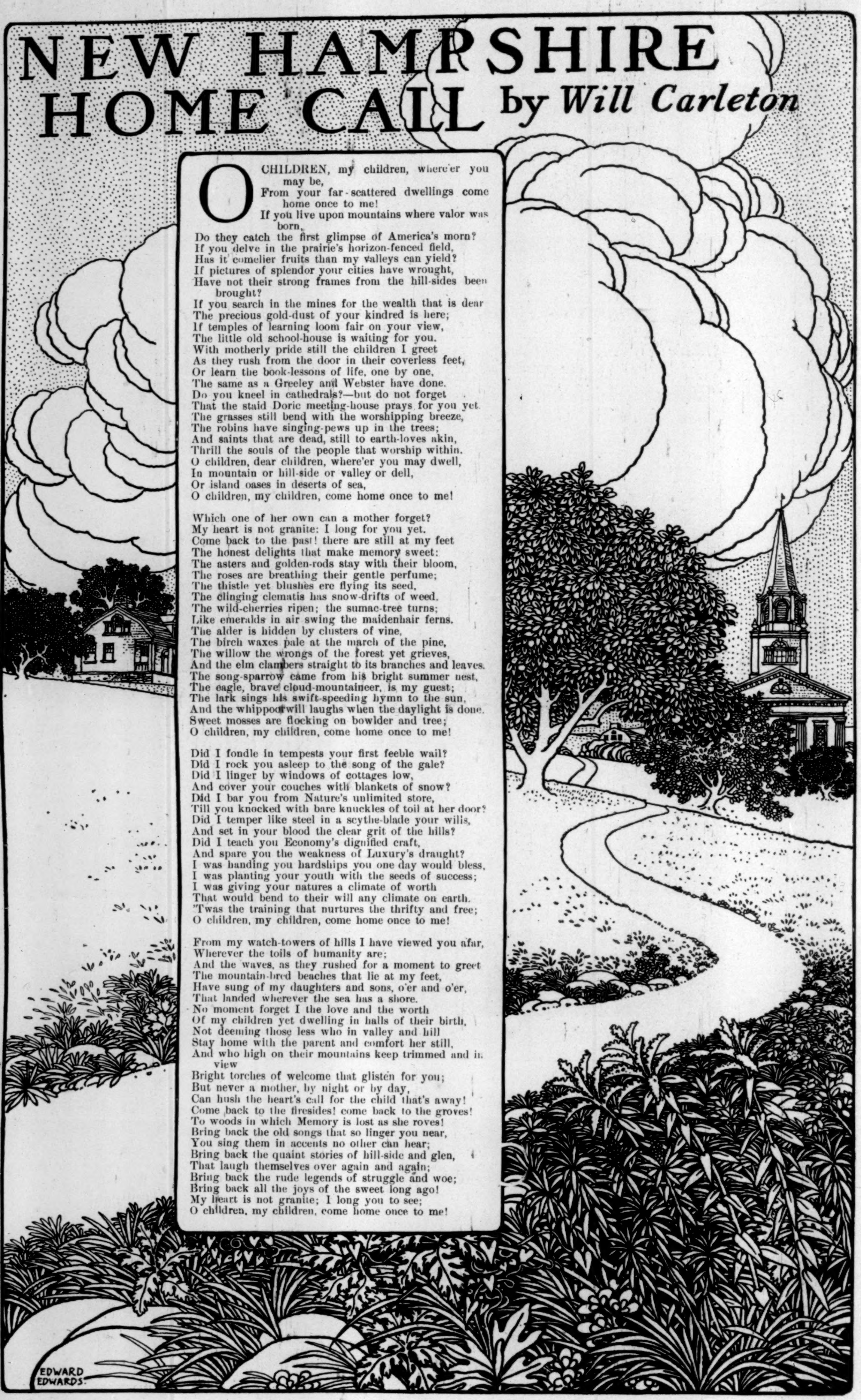
by *Will Carleton*

O CHILDREN, my children, where'er you may be,
From your far-scattered dwellings come home once to me!
If you live upon mountains where valor was born,
Do they catch the first glimpse of America's morn?
If you delve in the prairie's horizon-fenced field,
Has it comelier fruits than my valleys can yield?
If pictures of splendor your cities have wrought,
Have not their strong frames from the hill-sides been brought?
If you search in the mines for the wealth that is dear
The precious gold-dust of your kindred is here;
If temples of learning loom fair on your view,
The little old school-house is waiting for you.
With motherly pride still the children I greet
As they rush from the door in their coverless feet,
Or learn the book-lessons of life, one by one,
The same as a Greeley and Webster have done.
Do you kneel in cathedrals?—but do not forget
That the staid Doric meeting-house prays for you yet.
The grasses still bend with the worshipping breeze,
The robins have singing-pews up in the trees;
And saints that are dead, still to earth-loves akin,
Thrill the souls of the people that worship within.
O children, dear children, where'er you may dwell,
In mountain or hill-side or valley or dell,
Or island oases in deserts of sea,
O children, my children, come home once to me!

Which one of her own can a mother forget?
My heart is not granite: I long for you yet.
Come back to the past! there are still at my feet
The honest delights that make memory sweet:
The asters and golden-rods stay with their bloom,
The roses are breathing their gentle perfume;
The thistle yet blushes ere flying its seed,
The clinging clematis has snow-drifts of weed.
The wild-cherries ripen; the sumac-tree turns;
Like emeralds in air swing the maidenhair ferns.
The alder is hidden by clusters of vine,
The birch waxes pale at the march of the pine,
The willow the wrongs of the forest yet grieves,
And the elm clambers straight to its branches and leaves.
The song-sparrow came from his bright summer nest,
The eagle, brave cloud-mountaineer, is my guest;
The lark sings his swift-speeding hymn to the sun,
And the whippoorwill laughs when the daylight is done.
Sweet mosses are flocking on bowlder and tree;
O children, my children, come home once to me!

Did I fondle in tempests your first feeble wail?
Did I rock you asleep to the song of the gale?
Did I linger by windows of cottages low,
And cover your couches with blankets of snow?
Did I bar you from Nature's unlimited store,
Till you knocked with bare knuckles of toil at her door?
Did I temper like steel in a scythe-blade your wills,
And set in your blood the clear grit of the hills?
Did I teach you Economy's dignified craft,
And spare you the weakness of Luxury's draught?
I was handing you hardships you one day would bless,
I was planting your youth with the seeds of success;
I was giving your natures a climate of worth
That would bend to their will any climate on earth.
'Twas the training that nurtures the thrifty and free;
O children, my children, come home once to me!

From my watch-towers of hills I have viewed you afar,
Wherever the toils of humanity are;
And the waves, as they rushed for a moment to greet
The mountain-bred beaches that lie at my feet,
Have sung of my daughters and sons, o'er and o'er,
That landed wherever the sea has a shore.
No moment forget I the love and the worth
Of my children yet dwelling in halls of their birth,
Not deeming those less who in valley and hill
Stay home with the parent and comfort her still,
And who high on their mountains keep trimmed and in view
Bright torches of welcome that glisten for you;
But never a mother, by night or by day,
Can hush the heart's call for the child that's away!
Come back to the firesides! come back to the groves!
To woods in which Memory is lost as she roves!
Bring back the old songs that so linger you near,
You sing them in accents no other can hear;
Bring back the quaint stories of hill-side and glen,
That laugh themselves over again and again;
Bring back the rude legends of struggle and woe;
Bring back all the joys of the sweet long ago!
My heart is not granite; I long you to see;
O children, my children, come home once to me!


EDWARD EDWARDS.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH A GREAT EXPLORER LISTENS AT MIDNIGHT TO A TALE OF LOVE.

"LOUIS LE GRAND, King of France and Navarre, has deserted pleasure to follow piety—and times are changed, monsieur."

The speaker, Louis de Sancerre, of Languedoc, descendant of a famous constable of France, leaned against a tree near the shore of a majestic river, and musingly watched the moonbeams as they chased the ripples toward an unknown sea. A soft, cool breeze, heavy with the odor of new-born flowers, caressed his pale, clear-cut face, and toyed with the ruffles and trappings of a costume more becoming at Versailles than in the mysterious wilderness through which its wearer had floated for many weeks.

On the bank at the exiled courtier's feet lay reclining the martial figure of a man, whose stern, immobile face, lofty brow, and piercing eyes told a tale of high resolve and stubborn will. Sieur de la Salle, winning his way to immortality through wastes of swamp and canebrake and the windings of a great river, had made his camp at a bend in the stream, from which the outlook seemed to promise the fulfilment of his dearest hopes. On the crest of a low hill, sloping gently to the water, his followers had thrown up a rude fort of felled trees, and now at midnight the adventurous Frenchmen and their score of Indian allies were tasting sleep, after a day of wearisome labor.

De la Salle and a hapless waif from the splendid court of Louis XIV., more sensitive than their subordinates to the grandeur of the undertaking in which they were engaged, had felt no wish to slumber. They had strolled away from the silent camp; and, for the first time since Count Louis de Sancerre had joined the expedition, its leader had been learning something of the flippant, witty, reckless, debonair courtier's career.

"Beware the omnipresent ear of the Great Order, Monsieur le Comte!" exclaimed La Salle, rising to his elbow and searching the shadows behind him with questioning eyes. "Think not, de Sancerre, that in the treacherous quiet of this wilderness you may safely speak your mind. I have good reason to distrust the trees, the waters, and the roving winds. Where I go are ever savages or silence, but always in my ear echoes the stealthy footfall of the Jesuit. And this is well, monsieur. I seize this country in the name of France; the Order takes it in the name of God!"

"In the name of God!" repeated de Sancerre, mockingly. "You know Versailles, monsieur? There is no room for God. Banished once by a courtesan, the Almighty now succumbs to a confessor."

"Hold, monsieur!" cried La Salle, sternly. "This is blasphemy! Blasphemy and treason! But enough of priests! You tell me that you loved this woman from the court of Spain?"

"How can I say? What is love, monsieur?" exclaimed de Sancerre, lightly, throwing himself down beside his leader.

It was as if a butterfly, born of the moonbeams, had come to ask a foolish riddle of the grim forest-glades. The incarnation of all that was most polished, insincere, diabolical, fascinating at Versailles had taken the form of a handsome man, not quite forty years of age, who reclined at midnight upon the banks of an unexplored river, and pestered the living embodiment of high adventure and mighty purposes with the light and airy nothings of a courtier's tongue. How should Sieur de la Salle know the mystery of love? He who had wooed hardship to win naught but the kiss of disappointment, he who had cherished no mistress save the glory of France, no passion but for King and Church, was not a source from which a flippant worldling could wring a definition of the word of words.

The majestic silence of the night was broken by the raucous muttering of some restless dreamer within the confines of the camp. An owl hooted, and far away a wolf bayed at the moon. La Salle arose, climbed the bank to see that his sentries were attentive at their posts, and then returned to Count de Sancerre's side.

"You do not answer me, Sieur de la Salle!" exclaimed the latter, testily. "I have sought the answer from La Fontaine, from Molière, Racine—aye, from Bossuet and Fénelon. 'Twas all in vain. They were men, you say, and did not understand? But I have asked the question of de Montespan, La Vallière, La Fayette, Sévigné. One was witty, another silent, and all were wrong. There remained, of course, de Maintenon. Her I never asked. She would have said, I doubt not, that love is a priest who leads by prayer to power."

"You wander far afield, Monsieur le Comte," remarked La Salle, coldly, after an interval of silence. "The night grows old, and still you have not told me why you left the splendors that you love, to risk your life in this fierce struggle in an unknown land."

"To risk my life?" cried the Count, laughingly. "If that were all! To tear my velvets where no draper is, to see the gay-plumed birds a-laughing at my plight, to long in vain for powder for my wig, to find my buckles growing red with damp—all this is worse than death. But still, I bear it bravely, do I not? Ah, well, Turenne—God rest his soul!—taught me the lessons of a hard campaign. What is this voyage in a bark canoe upon the peaceful breast of yonder stream? A pleasure jaunt, monsieur, to one who fought with France against the world—who sheathed his sword at Nimeguen. Once only were we beaten, de la Salle. The Dutch let in the sea, and, lo! his Majesty and Luxembourg, Turenne and Condé, Vauban and the rest, were powerless against the mighty ally of the foe. I say to you, Monsieur le Capitaine, beware the sea! You seek it in your quest. 'Tis full of treachery."

The Count had arisen and drawn his sword, which gleamed in the moonlight as he turned its point toward the unknown mouth the roving river sought.

"This blade," he said, reseating himself and patting the steel with affection, "flashed gayly for the King upon the Rhine. Alas for me! it drove me at the last to seek my fortunes in a weary land."

"You drew it, then, for something other than the cause of France?" remarked La Salle, suspiciously.

"For that of which we spoke, which no tongue voices, but all hearts have felt. I drew it once for love—*et voilà tout!*"

"You killed a Spaniard, then?"

"They speak the truth, monsieur, who say your mind is quick. She—as I told you—came to France with Spain's great embassy. He, a strutting grandee, proud and bigoted, came with the suite, holding some post that made his person safe. The tool of diplomats, the pet of priests, my rival—as he was—defied my hate. 'Tis said they were betrothed, Don Josef and— But hold! her name I need not speak."

The Count remained silent for a time, watching the moon-kissed waters at his feet. La Salle, grim, reticent, but not unsympathetic, gazed steadfastly at his companion's delicately carved face. A stern knight-errant, who sought to win an empire for his king, lay wasting the midnight hours to listen to a love-tale from a flippant tongue.

"'Twas with this blade," went on de Sancerre after a time, waving his sword from side to side in the moonlight, "that I pierced his heart—and broke my own. For which all praise be to St. Maturin, who watches over fools."

"He was no coward, then?" questioned La Salle.

"Not when his pride was pricked," answered de Sancerre. "Great wars have been begun with less diplomacy than I employed to make my insult drive him to his steel. But Spanish blood is hot, and, truth to tell, my tongue can cut and thrust. Her eyes were on us at a *fête champêtre* when, standing by his side, I spoke the words that made him mine at midnight—'neath a moon like this. There's little left to tell. He knew a Spanish trick or two, but, monsieur, he was a boy! In the moonlight there his eyes were so like hers I lost all pity—and—so—he died."

"And then?"

"And then I vowed a candle to St. Christopher and sailed across the sea. Breathe it not, monsieur—I bore a letter from de Montespan to Frontenac."

"Then cut your tongue out ere you tell the tale!" exclaimed La Salle, gruffly. After a moment's silence he went on, more gently: "But, Monsieur le Comte, I cannot understand the ease of your escape. You have roused the anger of the King, de Maintenon, the Jesuits, and Spain. Such foes could crush an empire in a day."

"But you yourself, monsieur, have stood against them all."

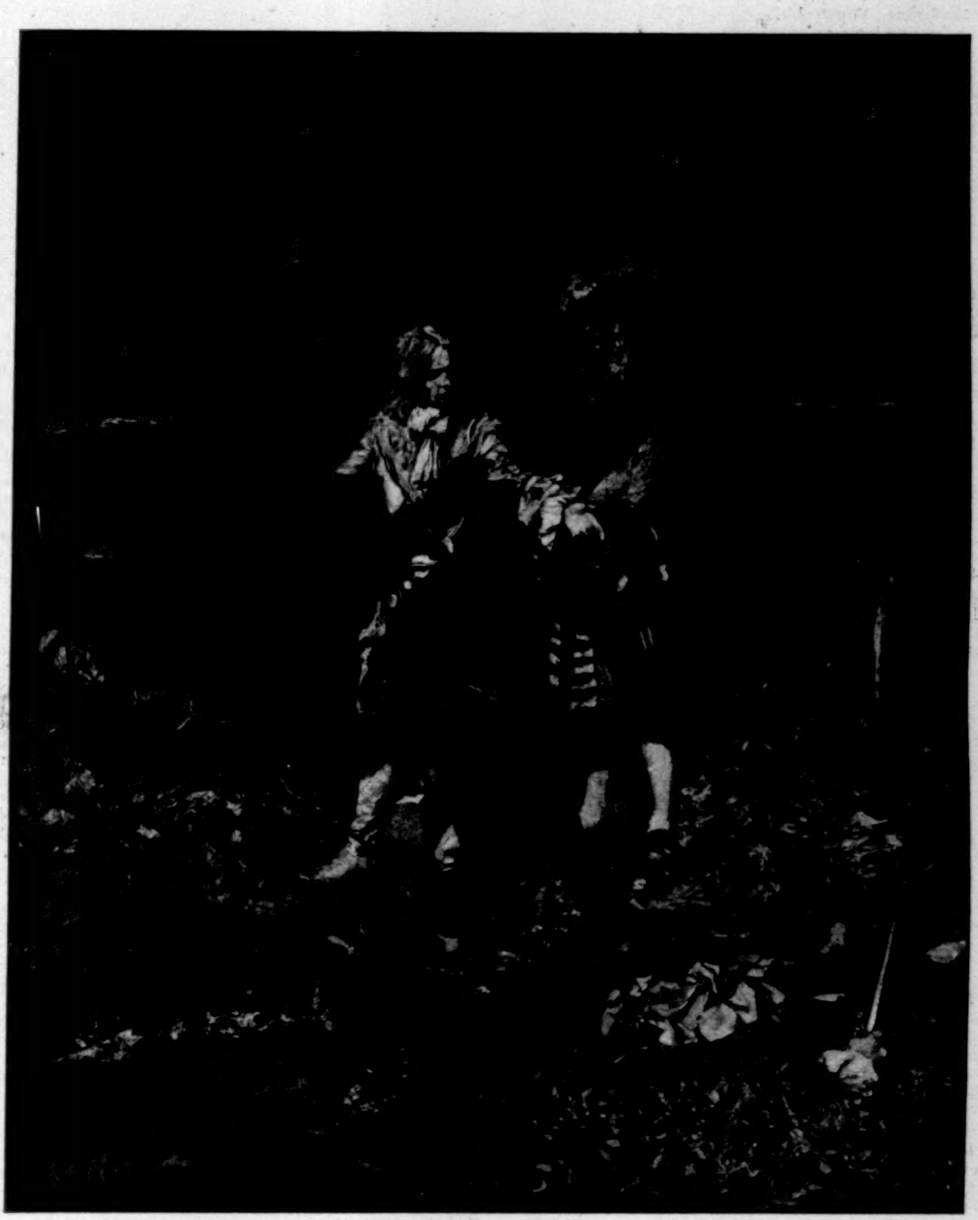
"I?" exclaimed La Salle, musingly. "You may be right, my friend. I sometimes wonder if my life is charmed. Whom can I trust, monsieur? Allies false when the hour of danger came, assassins at my bedside, and poison in my food—all these I've known, monsieur. And still I live."

The two adventurers had arisen, and were facing each other in the moonlight. La Salle, tall, commanding—a king by the divine right of a dauntless soul—stood, with head uncovered, looking down at the slender, graceful patrician confronting him.

"You strive for France, Sieur de la Salle," exclaimed de Sancerre, the mocking note gone from his voice—"for the glory of dear France—and France will not destroy you."

"For France!" repeated La Salle, solemnly. "For France and for the Church! *Vive le Roi!*"

Silently they turned, and mounting the hillock, made their way toward the sleeping camp, while the Mississippi rolled on beneath the moon to tell a strange tale to the listening waters of the Gulf.



"'THE SWORD AND THE CRUCIFIX!' WHISPERED DE SANCERRE, POINTING FROM THE SOLDIER TO THE PRIEST."

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE IS CONFRONTED BY A MYSTERY.

LIKE a statue done in bronze stood Chatémuc before a hastily constructed hut at the rear of the log fort in which the rank and file of the explorers lay sleeping. La Salle had chosen the sentry as his special body-guard, for at many a critical juncture in his long years of exploration—menaced at all times, as he had been, by a thousand lurking perils—the daring Frenchman had tested the loyalty and courage of this stalwart Mohican, who, for love of a white man, had wandered many weary miles from his tribal hunting-grounds.

Within the rude but spacious hut over which the phlegmatic Indian stood guard lay sleeping, as La Salle and de Sancerre entered the enclosure, two men, who had found rest upon heaps of leaves and grass, and whose strangely contrasted outlines, emphasized by the errant moonbeams that penetrated the chinks between the logs, called attention to the curious mixture of unrelated nationalities of which La Salle's expedition was made up. In one corner of the hut reclined the slender form of the Franciscan friar, Zenobe Membré. Upon his placid, smiling face—a countenance suggestive of religious enthusiasm even while he slept—rested a ray of silvery light, as if the prayer that he had uttered ere he fell asleep had transformed itself into a halo to glorify his pillow through the night. His thin hands were crossed upon his breast, and showed white and transparent against the gray background of his garb.

Within the shadows at an opposite corner of the apartment lay the lithe, muscular figure of a man whose costume made it difficult for the observer to determine whether the wearer was a foot-soldier from the Low Countries or a Canadian *coureur des bois*. The truth was that Henri de Tonti's experiences as an Italian officer in the Sicilian wars had left their impress upon his attire as an explorer under de la Salle. As he lay, fully dressed, in the moonlight that night, he might well have been a sculptor's dream, representing in his outlines the martial genius of the Old World bringing, “not peace, but a sword,” to the New. A bare hand rested lovingly upon the cross-piece of his rapier, which he had unfastened from his waist and tossed upon the dry grass of his couch. His other hand was covered by a glove.

Before they threw themselves upon their tempting beds of leaves, La Salle and de Sancerre stood side by side in the centre of the hut for a moment, gazing thoughtfully at the weird tableau that their slumbering comrades made.

“The sword and crucifix!” whispered de Sancerre, pointing from the soldier to the priest. “Strange allies these, monsieur.”

“But one without the other were in vain! They serve together by the will of God. Good-night, Monsieur le Comte.”

How long de Sancerre had slept before he was awakened by a light touch upon his shoulder he never knew. It must have been a considerable time, for, as he opened his reluctant eyes, he saw that the moonlight no longer gleamed in all quarters of the hut, but dimly illumined only one corner thereof. Inured though he was to perils of all kinds, the Count felt a thrill of dismay as his eyes rested upon a hideous, grinning face leering at him from the shadows close at hand. He sat up hurriedly, uttering no sound, but fumbling in the leaves and grass for his rapier. A glance assured him that his comrades had been undisturbed by the intruder at his side.

“Be not afraid, señor,” whispered a voice in broken Spanish. “The children of the moon have naught to fear from us.”

De Sancerre, to whom Spanish was like a native tongue, raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed searchingly at the misshapen hag who had disturbed his sleep.

“I crave your pardon,” he muttered, with the air of a courtier addressing a coquette in the Salon de Vénus, while the mocking smile that his face so often wore gleamed in the half-light. “Then I am of the children of the moon?”

“At night ye come from out the shadows of the distant lands, ye white-faced offspring of your Queen, the Moon. The Sun, our God, has told us you would come. Be not afraid. We have rare gifts for you—and loving hearts.”

The harsh, guttural voice in which the aged crone spoke these gentle words added to the uncanny effect of her wrinkled, time-marked face, peering at the smiling Frenchman through the gloom.

“I bring you this,” she went on, still speaking in a mongrel Spanish patois, which de Sancerre found it difficult to interpret. “Remember what I say. The children of the Sun send greeting to their brothers of the Moon.”

She laid upon the dried grass of his bed a piece of white mulberry bark, upon which de Sancerre's eyes rested indifferently for an instant. When he raised them again the hag had left his side, and he saw her pushing her way through an opening in the tree limbs at the further end of the hut. For an instant her diminutive body stopped the gap in the wooden wall. Then, from where he lay, the Frenchman could catch a glimpse of moonbeams on the river through the opening that she had made.

For a moment this strange visitation affected de Sancerre unpleasantly. Surrounded, as their little party was, by unknown tribes, with whom the wily Spaniards had had intercourse, the words of the old crone, cordial though they had been in their way, filled the Count with alarm. Furthermore, the ease with which she had made an undiscovered entrance to their hut emphasized the disquiet that he had begun to feel. Thorough soldier as he was, this seemingly harmless invasion of his leader's quarters became to his mind a more menacing episode the more he weighed it in all its bearings.

Rising noiselessly from his resting-place, de Sancerre made his way between his sleeping comrades to the entrance to the hut. Stepping forth into the white night, he confronted Chatémuc, who still stood motionless in the same spot that he had occupied when La Salle and his companion had returned from the river. The Mohican, from long service with the explorer, had acquired a practical knowledge of the French tongue, but, as a general rule, he made use of it only in monosyllables.

“Chatémuc,” said de Sancerre, sternly, “your eyes are heavy with the moonlight or with sleep. You keep indifferent guard. Did you not see an aged witch who even now stood within the hut and roused me from my sleep?”

The tall Mohican gazed down upon the Frenchman with keen, searching eyes, which glowed at that moment with a fire that proved him innocent either of treason or stupidity. His stern, immobile face gave no indication of the astonishment which the Frenchman's accusation must have caused him.

“There's nothing stirring but the river and the leaves,” said Chatémuc, with grim emphasis, turning his shapely head slowly to sweep the landscape in all directions with eyes for which the forest had no mysteries.

“*Ma foi*, my Chatémuc! You're as proud and stubborn as de Groot the Hollander. But follow me. I'll show you a hole that proves I dreamed no dream.”

De Sancerre, behind whom stalked the stately Mohican, made his way hurriedly to the further side of the hut. Pointing to an opening between the logs, through which a small boy might have crawled, the Count said:

“Behold, monsieur, the yawning chasm in your reputation as a sentry! 'Twould not admit an army, but it might serve for a snake.”

Chatémuc had fallen upon his knees, and was examining the aperture, and the trampled grass which led to it. Presently he arose and turned towards the Count.

“A woman,” he muttered. “Small. Light. Old.”

“Fine woodcraft, Chatémuc! You read the blazonry that crossed the drawbridge with great skill—after the castle has been captured. But let it pass. No harm's been done, save that your pride has had a fall. And so I leave you to your watch again. If you loved me, Chatémuc, you'd keep old women from my midnight couch. I fear my sleep is lost.”

Stealing noiselessly past the motionless forms of La Salle, the friar, and the Italian captain, after his successful demonstration of Chatémuc's negligence as a sentinel, de Sancerre approached his tumbled bed of leaves with weary step. A feeling of depression, a sudden realization of the horrid possibilities that this environment suggested, a sensation of impotent rebellion at the fate that had hurled him from the very centre of seventeenth-century civilization into the rude embrace of a horror-haunted wilderness, came suddenly upon the vivacious Frenchman, mocking at his stoical views of life and making of the satirical tendency of his mind a knife with which to cut himself.

“*Nom de Dieu!*” he muttered, as he gazed down upon the dry grass and leaves of his uninviting couch, “these be fine lodgings for a Count of Languedoc! At the worst, with Turenne, there was always Versailles at our rear.”

At that instant his heavy eyes lighted upon the slip of white bark which his recent caller had left with him as a token of good-will. De Sancerre bent down, and grasping the seemingly meaningless gift, gazed at it inquiringly. To his amazement, he made out in the darkness what seemed to him to be a bit of writing, scratched with a pointed instrument upon this fragment from a mulberry-bush. Hastily, stealthily, making his way to the opening through which the donor of the gift had forced her exit, the Count leaned forward, and in the moonlight read, with wondering eyes, the name,

Julia de Aquilar.

It was the name of the woman for love of whom he had killed a Spaniard and lost his native land. Instantly his mind harked back to the confession that, but an hour or so before, he had poured into the ears of Sieur de la Salle. Had an eavesdropper overheard his words, and, in a spirit of mischief, sought to tease him by a trick? He rejected the supposition at once, for the conviction came upon him, increasing a thousandfold the consternation which he felt, that he had deliberately refrained from mentioning the name of his inamorata to La Salle.

De Sancerre drew himself erect and stood motionless for a moment, the most amazed and startled being in all that strange new world.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH A MAIDEN SHOWS HER HEART.

SIEUR DE LA SALLE'S temporary stockade had been erected upon the western bank of the great river, and his followers had received with delight the report that their leader had decided to indulge in a few days of recuperation before continuing his journey to the Gulf. After weeks of labor at the paddles, the canoe-men were in sore need of rest. The party consisted of twenty-three Frenchmen, eighteen Indians—Abenakis and Mohicans—ten squaws, and three pappooses. Discontent, and even open grumbling, had already developed in this incongruous assemblage, and it was only the stern, imperious personality of de la Salle that had saved the expedition from falling asunder through the inherent antagonisms of the elements of which it was composed.

But upon the morning following the Count de Sancerre's receipt of an inexplicable gift from the children of the Sun there reigned an air of gayety in the camp. Provisions were plentiful, the terminus of the exploration, it was rumored, was near at hand, and, for the next few days at least, no exhausting task, no menacing danger, seemed likely to annoy the adventurers. The glories of early spring upon the lower Mississippi met their wondering and grateful eyes. In his delight the Frenchman carolled forth a *chanson* to greet the rising sun, while his phlegmatic comrade, the native American, grunted with satisfaction as he reclined upon the long grass and appeared to muse indolently upon the strange vivacity of the men from over sea.

Shortly after dawn de Sancerre, pale, heavy-eyed, restless, weary of his vain efforts to gain a dreamless sleep, had wandered away from the camp and thrown himself listlessly down upon the gently sloping shore of the river, across whose ripples flashed the gleaming arrows of the April sun. As he lay there, reclining against a slender tree trunk, the last few hours seemed to him to have been a long nightmare, through which the mocking black eyes of a woman of wondrous beauty had taunted him for his helplessness.

As de Sancerre, refreshed by the cool breeze that chased the sunbeams across the flood, recalled every detail of his recent adventure, he found himself confronted not only by a mystery, but by a choice between two courses of action, which must be made at once. Should he tell his comrades of the strange episode that had disturbed his rest, or should he keep the secret to himself, trusting to Chatémuc's pride and reticence to repress the story of the night? In a certain sense he was under obligations to de la Salle to keep him informed of every happening which, even remotely, might affect the welfare of the expedition. On the other hand, there was that in his leader's personality which caused de Sancerre to hesitate before telling him a tale which, he reflected, would sound like the ravings of a lunatic. He could picture the cold, disdainful glance in de la Salle's searching eye ere he turned upon his heel with the curt remark that the Count de Sancerre's dreams should test the friar's skill.

To the Count, thus vexed by a most disturbing problem, came Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, the only Indian maiden in Sieur de la Salle's strangely assorted suite. With the most punctilious courtesy de Sancerre sprang erect, removed from his head his travel-worn but still picturesque bonnet, and making a sweeping bow, pointed to the grass-grown seat that he had just vacated.

“Mademoiselle Katonah, I bid you welcome! I was dreaming, *petite*, of the land across the sea. Your eyes and smile shall change my mood again.”

The Indian girl gazed at the Frenchman with dark, fearless eyes, in which there gleamed a light that told the courtier a tale he had no wish to learn. Not that the Count was better than his age, more scrupulous than the pleasure-loving court in which his youth had been passed, but in the freer, nobler atmosphere of this brave New World, and in the companionship of men striving in the midst of peril to do great deeds, all that was most admirable in de Sancerre's character had been born anew, and, to his own amazement, he had learned that his views of life had undergone a change; that there had grown up something in his soul which gave the lie to his scoffing tongue—still from habit the tongue of a *mondain* fashioned in an evil school.

Katonah, reclining against the tree and gazing upward at the Frenchman, formed a deep-toned picture becoming to that land of hazy sunlight, drowsy zephyrs, and opening flowers, bright-hued and redolent of spring. Her dark eyes, clear-cut features, and white even teeth, her slender supple limbs, satisfied even the exacting eye of a man who had looked with admiration upon La Vallière, de Montespan, de Maintenon.

“The land across the sea!” exclaimed Katonah, waving a slender well-turned hand toward the opposite shore of the great river. “You would go back to it?” She had learned the French tongue from her brother Chatémuc.

Her eloquent eyes rested questioningly upon the pallid symmetrical face of de Sancerre.

The barbaric directness of her question brought a smile to the Frenchman's lips, as he threw himself down by her side and took her hand in his.

“Mayhap some day I shall go back, *ma petite*. But at this moment I have no wish to go.”

De Sancerre was looking at Katonah, but in his mind was the picture of a scrap of white bark upon which had been scrawled the name of the only woman his heart had ever loved. Perhaps Katonah weighed his words at their real worth, for she withdrew her hand from his, while her gentle eyes rested mournfully upon the mighty river upon whose bosom she had learned the joy and sorrow of a hopeless love.

De Sancerre, whose delicately moulded face, graceful figure, ready wit, and quick perceptions, added to high birth and a reputation for physical courage, had made him a favorite at a voluptuous court, felt a mixture of self-satisfaction and annoyance at the unsought homage that he had won from this handsome savage. No coquette at Versailles could have put into artful words the flattery that Katonah gave him by a glance. But de Sancerre realized that, under existing circumstances, her devotion to him might involve them both in serious peril Her brother Chatémuc was a sentry whose eyes and ears would not always be blind and deaf to what was stirring besides the river and the leaves.

“Katonah,” said the Count presently, “let me tell you why I may never go back to the land beyond the sea.”

The Indian girl gazed up at him with earnest attention.

“To the great wigwam of the king who rules all kings there came a maiden from a distant land. Her eyes were like the night, her hair the color of a raven's wing.”

De Sancerre met Katonah's eyes, and remained silent for a time. There was something in her glance that chilled him for the moment with an inexplicable foreboding. Annoyed at his weakness, he went on:

“All men loved her, *ma petite*, and so it was not strange that I— *Mais n'importe*. Among the braves, Katonah, who followed in her train was a youth with evil eye, a black, soft-footed, proud, and boastful man, to whom her word was sworn.”

“You killed him, then,” said Katonah, with conviction.

De Sancerre started nervously and gazed around him searchingly. There was an uncanny precipitancy in Katonah's mental methods which affected him unpleasantly.

“Yes,” he acknowledged. “I killed him, Katonah.”

“And the maiden with the raven hair? You carried her away?”

“No, Katonah. I came across the sea, and left her there.”

The eyes of the Mohican wore a puzzled expression as she tried to read his face.

“I do not understand,” she murmured, presently.

De Sancerre remained silent for a while. He realized that, with the limited vocabulary at his disposal, he could not make the Indian girl comprehend the exigencies which, in a civilized land, might arise to drive a lover from his loved one's side. The mind of the savage maiden was unfitted to grasp those finer distinctions which made the habits and customs at Versailles so superior to the methods and manners prevailing among her Mohican kindred. Presently the expatriated courtier said:

“Katonah, let me tell you a strange tale. Your brother kept guard last night between the river and our hut. But while we slept an aged woman crept up beside my bed and gave me this.”

De Sancerre removed from his breast the piece of mulberry bark upon which rested the name of Julia de Aquilar. Katonah gazed at the writing, awe-struck.

“It is the name,” said the Frenchman, in answer to her glance, “of the woman with the raven hair.”

The Indian girl, with marvellous grace and agility, sprang to her feet. Motionless she stood for a moment looking down at de Sancerre.

“She followed you across the sea?” she asked, in a dull, passionless voice.

De Sancerre smiled as he slipped the bark into his doublet and rose to a standing posture.

“That could not be, Katonah,” he said, lightly. “I think some wizard, making medicine, has read her name upon my heart.”

More he might have said, but at that instant Chatémuc, with stormy brow, stood beside them. Not glancing at the Frenchman, his angry gaze rested upon the shrinking figure of Katonah. With an imperious gesture he pointed towards the camp, and, as the girl hurried away in obedience to her brother's silent behest, de Sancerre threw himself wearily upon the bank, a mocking light gleaming in his eyes as he turned and watched the retreating Mohicans, until they were lost to sight behind the osier-trees.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH DE LA SALLE REACHES A FATEFUL DECISION.

“I HAVE heard it said that the good Father le Jeune, the Jesuit, not speaking Algonquin, was obliged to expound the mysteries of the faith to the Montagnais through the aid of a blasphemous backslider, far gone in liquor. This tool of Satan put vile words into the mouth of the Jesuit, so that the Montagnais laughed mockingly, while le Jeune fondly thought that he was explaining to them the doctrine of the Trinity.”

Henri de Tonti, Zenobe Membré, and Sieur de la Salle had joined the Count de Sancerre, after the departure of Chatémuc and Katonah, and the quartet had formed itself for the time being into a council, to answer at once an insistent and momentous question. Two white-robed envoys, carrying a disk of burnished copper to represent the sun, had entered La Salle's hut an hour before this, bringing to him an invitation to visit, with his followers, the city of their chief. Henri de Tonti, enthusiastic lay proselyter though he was, had taken the ground that an expedition to the haunts of the sun-worshippers would result in nothing more valuable than a waste of time and energy, while it might involve the party in unforeseen dangers. To check the enthusiasm of the Franciscan friar, who longed to convert these friendly idolaters to the true faith, de Tonti had just been calling the attention of the council to the difficulties besetting a missionary who attempted to explain the teachings of Mother-Church in a tongue with which he was not thoroughly conversant.

The slender, white-faced friar, whose great physical endurance was suggested by nothing in his outward seeming but the clear, steady gleam in his large gray eyes, turned rather impatiently from the Italian adventurer and put forth an appealing palm towards Sieur de la Salle, who lay at full length upon the bank, his head resting upon his upturned hand, as he listened attentively to the debate between the soldier and the priest.

"There is much efficacy in signs, monsieur," exclaimed Membré, with fervor. "Could I have led a thousand red men to a knowledge of the truth had I always waited for an alien tongue? When all seemed lost, when their ears were deaf, when my prayers and hymns were but the feeble strivings of a voice they would not heed, has come a miracle, vouchsafed by Jesus Christ, and howling savages have fallen prone in penitence before the cross. I ask not much of you, monsieur, but in the name of Mother-Church I crave an escort to these children of the Sun. To pass them by, to leave them hopeless in their blind idolatry, to say no word to bring them to the faith—Mother of God, but this would be a sin!"

The delicate face of the Franciscan glowed with the fervor of his soul. He had drawn himself up to his full height, and his rich, penetrating voice echoed weirdly across the gleaming waters of the flood.

De la Salle put up his hand with a gesture seemingly intended to calm the exuberance of the devoted priest. Turning to de Sancerre, who was seated on his right, he said:

"What think you, Monsieur le Comte? Shall we risk a visit to these children of the Sun?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur.* There is no other course. If they should take offence at our neglect—*ma foi!* it might go hard with us."

A scornful smile played across de Tonti's scarred and rugged face. He was annoyed at his failure to prevent the delay which this apparently useless visit to a pagan tribe would engender. De Sancerre observed the satirical expression upon the Italian's countenance, but wisely refrained from giving voice to the anger which he felt at the sight. Between de Tonti and de Sancerre a national antagonism had been intensified by the jealousy existing between them regarding the attitude of their leader. The evident fondness shown by de la Salle for the companionship of the itinerant French nobleman had displeased the Italian veteran, whose long years of devotion to the explorer's service had begotten a claim to special consideration. In more highly civilized surroundings the friction between de Tonti and de Sancerre would long ago have found relief in bloodshed. One striking difference between Versailles and the wilderness lay in the fact that in the latter greater provocation was needed to impel men to run each other through with steel than in the parks in which gay courtiers insulted one another with soft words.

"Furthermore, monsieur," went on de Sancerre, observing that his words had not impelled de la Salle to come to an immediate decision regarding the question at issue—"furthermore, there may be a way to find an interpreter through whom these lost idolaters shall learn the teachings of our faith." If there sounded a note of insincerity in the Frenchman's voice, none marked it save de Tonti, whose smile was always satirical when de Sancerre touched upon the Church.

"Your words, Monsieur le Comte, mean much or nothing. Explain yourself," said de la Salle, coldly.

"Did you notice, at the further end of yonder hut, a hole through which a good-sized dog might crawl?" asked de Sancerre, impressively, arising and pointing toward the camp.

"Sieur de la Salle has eyes for everything, Monsieur le Comte," remarked de Tonti, tauntingly.

Paying no attention to his rival, de Sancerre went on:

"Through that hole last night there crept into the hut an aged hag, who, coming to my side, gave us a welcome from the children of the Sun. They call us—as you know—the children of the Moon."

De la Salle, calm, phlegmatic, but ever on the alert, gazed searchingly at the speaker.

"Your tale is somewhat late, monsieur," he remarked, meaningly.

"I feared the gossip of an idle camp," said de Sancerre, lightly, carelessly tossing a pebble into the rippling waters at his feet. "The matter's not of moment but for this: the old crone spoke a Spanish *patois*, hard to understand, but not impossible. Her tongue, I think, might serve our friar well."

"A Spanish *patois?*" repeated de la Salle, musingly. "'Tis well you spoke of this, Monsieur le Comte. I told the keen-eyed Colbert that there was no time to lose. Below, around us, lie the lands of gold, and stretched across them rests the arm of Spain. The time has come when we must lop it off."

De la Salle had arisen, and, with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, gazed toward the waters which flowed toward a Spanish sea. He looked, for the moment, the very incarnation of the martial spirit of an adventurous age, bidding defiance to a mighty foe. Suddenly he turned and eyed his followers sternly. In a voice which admitted of no reply, he said:

"De Tonti, de Sancerre, and Membré, prepare to set out at once to these people of the Sun. I'll give you presents for their chiefs and wives. Send Chatémuc to me. He shall go with you, and his sister—Katonah, is it not? She'll find the woman with the Spanish tongue where you, as men, might fail."

"But," exclaimed de Sancerre, springing to his feet, "there may be peril for the girl in this. 'Tis best we go alone."

"I am amazed, Monsieur le Comte," remarked La Salle, sternly. "Obey my orders! 'Tis not for you to question what I plan. Whatever comes of this, the blame shall rest with me."

De Tonti, Membré, and de Sancerre had turned to make their way hurriedly back to the camp.

"De Sancerre!" called La Salle, ere they had gone beyond ear-shot. The French nobleman returned hurriedly to his leader's side.

"There is no danger to Katonah in all this," said La Salle, meaningly, his eyes reading de Sancerre's face. "No harm can come to her, for Chatémuc is ever by her side. No nobleman in Spain or France is prouder, de Sancerre, than Chatémuc. You understand me?"

"*Ma foi!* I am not dull, monsieur!" exclaimed the Count, a note of anger in his voice. Then he turned on his heel and strode rapidly toward the camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Trusts and Industrial Combinations

II.—MODERN MONOPOLY

THE characteristic fact of the modern Trust is monopoly, but no Trust has a complete monopoly. The common man speaks of "Trusts," or "Monopolies," as if they were synonymous terms; every Trust manager with equal sincerity speaks of his competitors, and denies that he has any monopoly. What is the truth?

A government monopoly like the post-office, or like the telegraph and telephone services in many European countries, or like the salt or tobacco monopolies of the governments that control those articles for revenue purposes, is not considered a Trust in the modern meaning of the word. Likewise the legal monopolies of copyright and patents are usually not regarded with disfavor, nor called Trusts, unless, as in the case of some great public convenience like the telephone, it is believed that enormous profits are used to secure legislation contrary to the public weal. But in all these cases there is no dispute regarding the fact or the nature of the monopoly.

A few years ago we heard much talk of competition among street railways, gas companies, water companies, telegraphs, and railroads. At present most people recognize the monopolistic nature of these institutions. They are frequently named "natural monopolies," and the courts, recognizing their peculiar character, as well as their public nature, have placed them under public supervision or control. Their charges at least are usually fixed.

The word Trust has been used chiefly of business institutions which are more or less monopolistic, but whose monopoly is secured not by law, nor by natural conditions, but chiefly by the advantages secured through large capital. The Standard Oil Company was built up in good part by special discriminations of the railroads. The Michigan Salt Association flourished over its rivals chiefly because, holding salt blocks over a widely extended territory, it was enabled to fill all orders from near-by plants, and thus to make large savings. In both cases it was the large capital chiefly that enabled the "Trust" to secure the special advantage. The same factor has enabled the Trust to cut prices below cost in special markets in order to drive out its rivals, while recouping itself by high prices elsewhere; and the possession of large capital, too, frequently enables the Trust to use to advantage by-products, to get favorable legislation, to terrorize its rivals by threats, and thus to prevent competition. In a fight to the finish the longest purse wins. This fact often secures monopoly without the fight.

Under free competition the cost of production is made the basis of prices, and profits are held down to a minimum. If competition can be removed, the cost of production no longer remains the basis for prices, but they are fixed so as to secure the greatest net return. If they are placed too high, sales will lessen, profits will fall. Only experience will show the price that gives the highest profit.

Most capitalistic monopolies, or Trusts, have only a partial monopoly. Under free competition, if one man doubles his output or fails, market-prices do not change. An institution that produces from seventy-five to ninety-five per cent. of the total product in market can so readily contract or expand the supply that prices can be sent up or down, within limits, at will. Ordinary competitors can be shut out; prices can be put above the competitive level. Still, the monopoly is not absolute, as when protected by law. Too high a price will lessen the net return, not only by checking the demand, but also by encouraging strong competitors to enter the lists. If, under free competition, a net revenue of five to eight per cent. on capital could be made, and under an absolute legal monopoly twenty-five or thirty per cent., under this partial monopoly possibly fifteen to twenty per cent. might be secured before competition would materially affect prices. The potential competition of capital attracted by too high profits thus prevents the greatest abuses that would be met with if monopoly were complete. But monopoly still exists if, by virtue of enormous capital and the power that comes with it to strike one's rivals down, competition can be so far eliminated as to add materially to profits through raising prices.

This fact of monopoly, even though it be only partial, makes the modern problem. How far are profits made through this monopolistic element to be considered just and in the public interest? We may properly capitalize personal talent by granting a legal monopoly to patents, or the genius of a great author by giving him the monopoly of copyright. Is it in the public interest also to capitalize monopoly itself—*i.e.*, Is it in the interests of the public that unusually high profits on capital actually invested be made not on account of exceptional talent, nor even on account of savings effected through complete organization, but on account of terror inspired in rivals by the power of capital, or on account of other influences which promote monopoly?

The distinction between a large industry and one in which this monopolistic element enters must not be overlooked. Five great establishments of relatively equal strength may make competition as vigorous as could five hundred; they may produce as cheaply as can a monopoly, and sell more cheaply than five hundred competitors could; but their prices are based on cost, and profits are held low by competition. Generally speaking, a large department store does not have advantages sufficient to enable it to drive out large rivals in special lines. It has certain advantages of capital, generally not enough to give it monopoly, even a partial one.

Any industry that does not require a large capital for starting a plant and running it effectively can usually not be monopolized long. Industries that require large capital to start and run a single plant can much more readily be monopolized. In the latter case an organization that can produce eighty per cent. of the total output may hold prices high, and permit a few small rivals to take large profits also so long as they do not attempt to control much of the market. If the small men attempt to enlarge their plants, or to enlarge materially their sales by competitive cutting of prices, they must be bought up or crushed out.

The modern Trust, then, is not a monopoly in the sense that it controls the market completely, as can the holder of a patent; but, on the other hand, all modern Trusts are organized for the sake of securing a monopolistic advantage.

To say that they are not monopolies because any one is free to enter the business is to limit the discussion to legal monopoly. So long as no rival dare enter the field in an effective way, and so long as the Trust, in fact, does regulate production and competition, and does fix prices with little reference to acts of existing competitors, even though it be restrained somewhat by potential competition, monopoly exists, though it may be only partial. It is to secure this monopolistic advantage that Trusts are formed.

W.

The Older Lover

WHEN as a boy I loved you, dear,
'Twas Love himself I loved the best;
And I, Love's music in my ear,
Forgot that one could be more blest,
Forgot your joy was more to me
Than joy of love could ever be.

At last itself my dull heart knew
And turned from Love, my dear, to you.

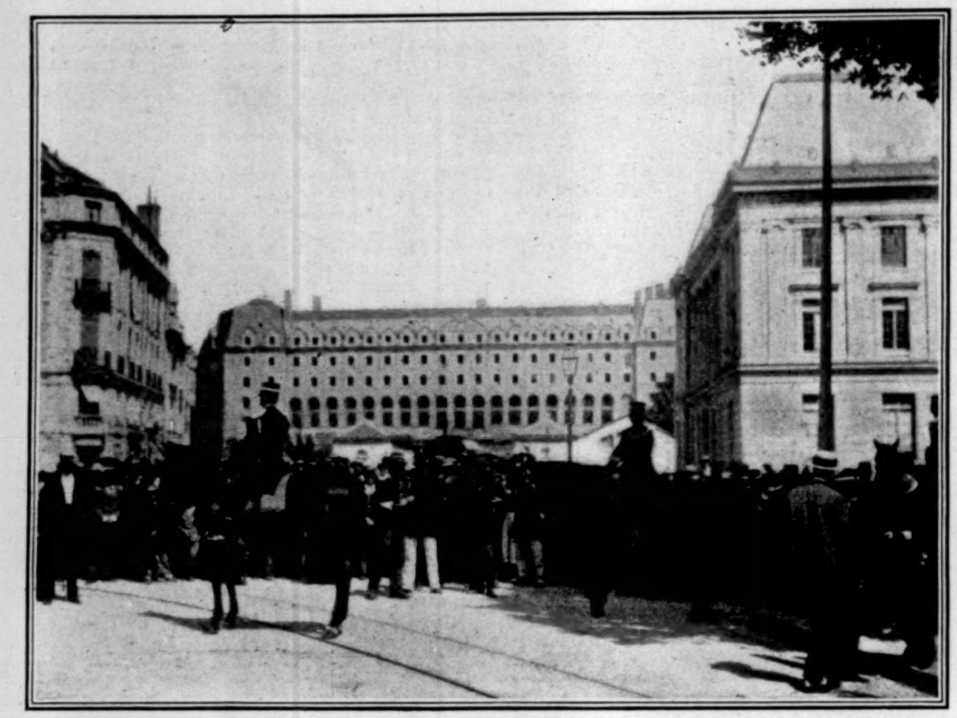
FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

The Secretary of Agriculture's Western Tour

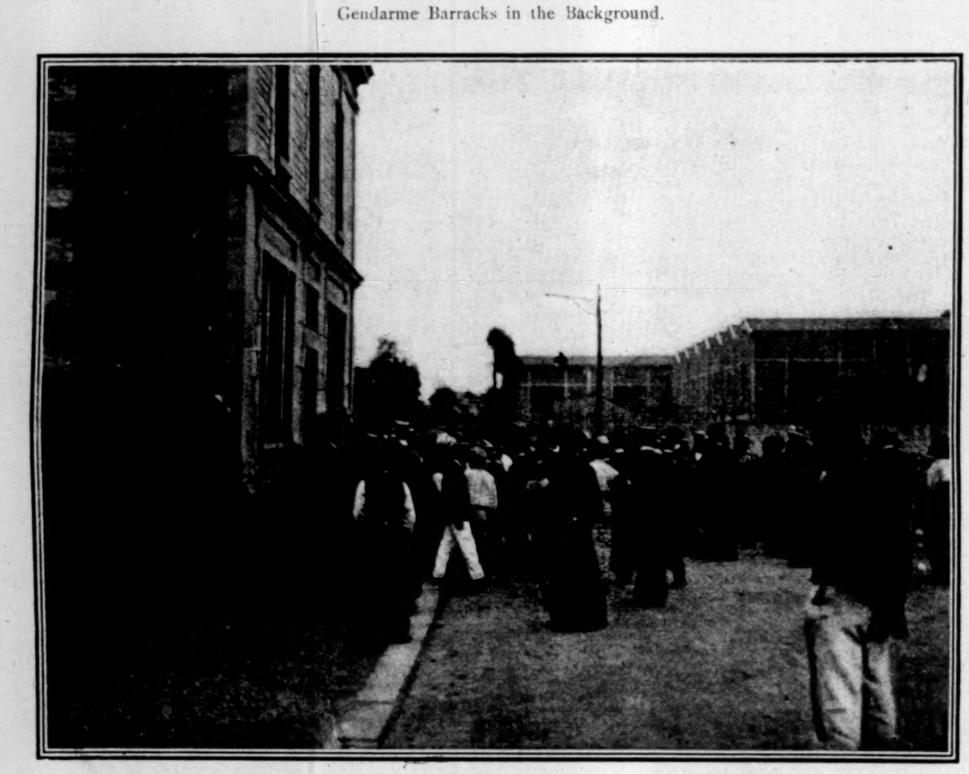
SECRETARY WILSON has returned from a six weeks' tour of the Northwest, in which he started from St. Paul, Minnesota, and worked his way through the wheat-fields and cattle-ranges to Seattle, and thence southward through the Pacific coast States. "I made my trip," said he to a visitor, "not to find things to boast about, but to ascertain where the Department of Agriculture might be useful to producers in those regions. You have noticed the present high prices of meats. The principal reason for this advance is that every American is at work who wants work, and thus has the money with which to buy freely of the necessaries of life. A second reason is that the population of the country is increasing faster than its supply of domestic animals. A potent factor, however, which is in danger of being overlooked, is the declining capacity of the dry ranges of the West for grazing stock. The stock-raisers are themselves largely to blame for this, as their practice of indiscriminate grazing has destroyed the native nutritious grasses on millions of acres of arid lands. I consulted, for example, the range-men of Nevada, and after going carefully over the question, they reached the conclusion that their State does not maintain to-day more than fifty per cent. of the stock it maintained a few years ago, chiefly because of the indiscriminate and unwise pasturing of the public domain. Our party made a study of this matter because the department can undoubtedly be helpful in indicating which of the native grasses can be most successfully used in rehabilitating the worn-out ranges, and also because we are now importing from the arid regions of other countries various grasses and legumes which may be useful here. We have four experimental grass-gardens in the dry country west of the Missouri, where we are studying these propositions.

"The grain-growing conditions in the Northwest deserve more attention than they are getting. Wheat is extensively grown in the beautiful valleys among the mountains; but where it has grown longest they find it necessary to summer fallow, and take a crop only once in two years. This indicates a distinct reduction of the fertility of the soil. I have made arrangements to have farmers' bulletins prepared on these subjects by the most intelligent men in the mountain States and on the Pacific coast. We think that we can be of help to the farmers by introducing plants which in the off years will produce crops for the grazing animals, or for ploughing under to restore the humus to the soil. Summer fallowing was abandoned in Europe fifty years ago; its direct result is the oxidation of the humus. Many farmers who have been faced with the necessity of doing something to restore the soil to its fertility after the tax of successive wheat crops, have resorted to sowing vetches at the same time that they sow their wheat. The vetches grow up with the wheat, remain after the wheat is cut, and furnish an off-year crop. They are leguminous, and get nitrogen from the atmosphere, and are therefore good to plough under.

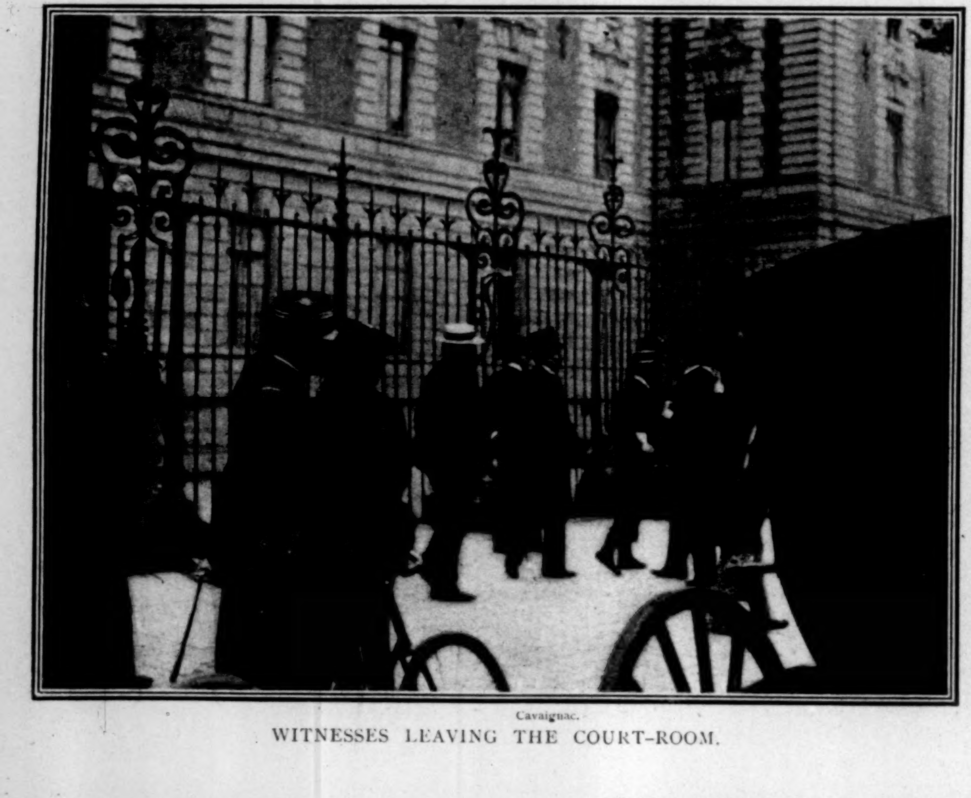
"Then there are the forests. The scientists of this department are of the opinion that half the timber of the Pacific is gone already as the result of fires, indiscriminate cutting, and sheep-grazing, which prevents the young plants from getting a start. Dr. Gifford Pinchot, the chief of our Division of Forestry, with many of his assistants, is in the woods of the Pacific slope now, studying this subject and endeavoring to ascertain by what



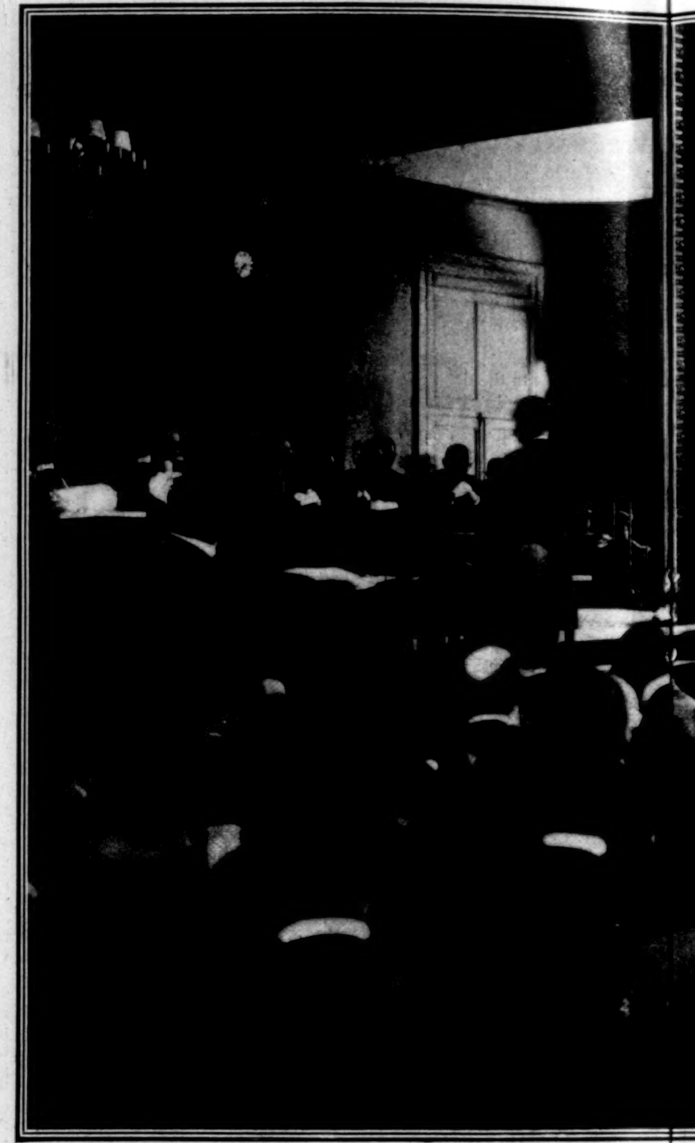
GENDARMES HOLDING BACK THE CROWD.
Gendarme Barracks in the Background.



CARRYING LABORI INTO HIS HOUSE AFTER HIS ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.
The Wire Frame of the Military Litter can be seen passing through the Doorway.

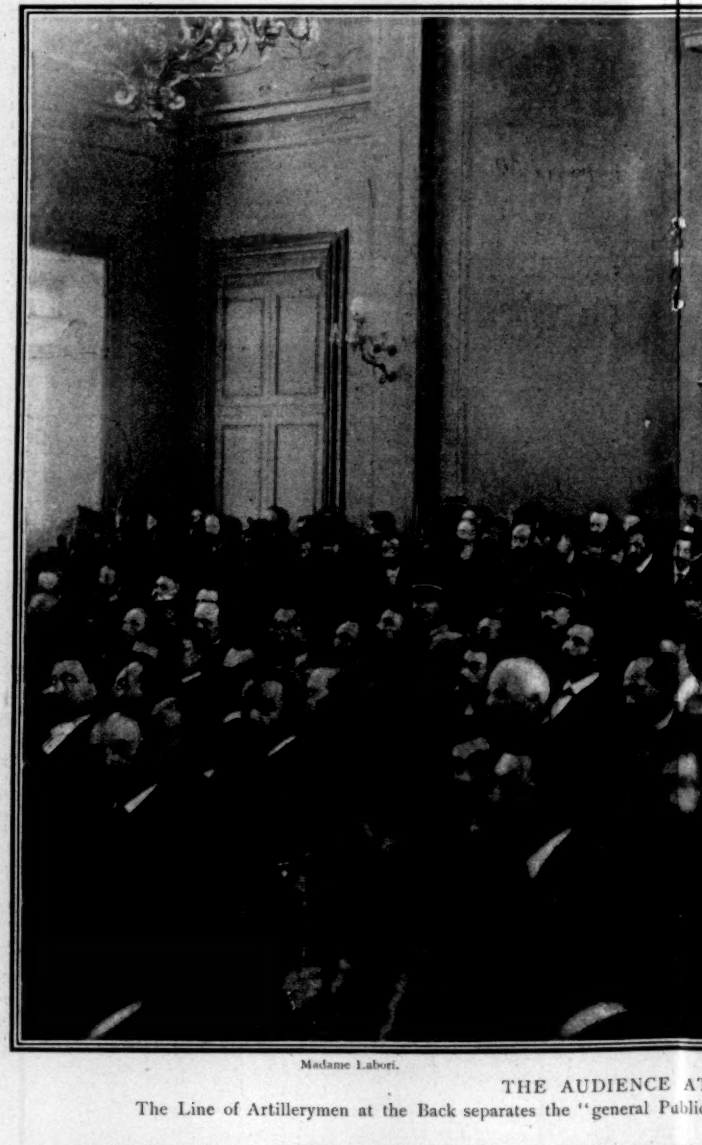


WITNESSES LEAVING THE COURT-ROOM.



Casimir-Périer.

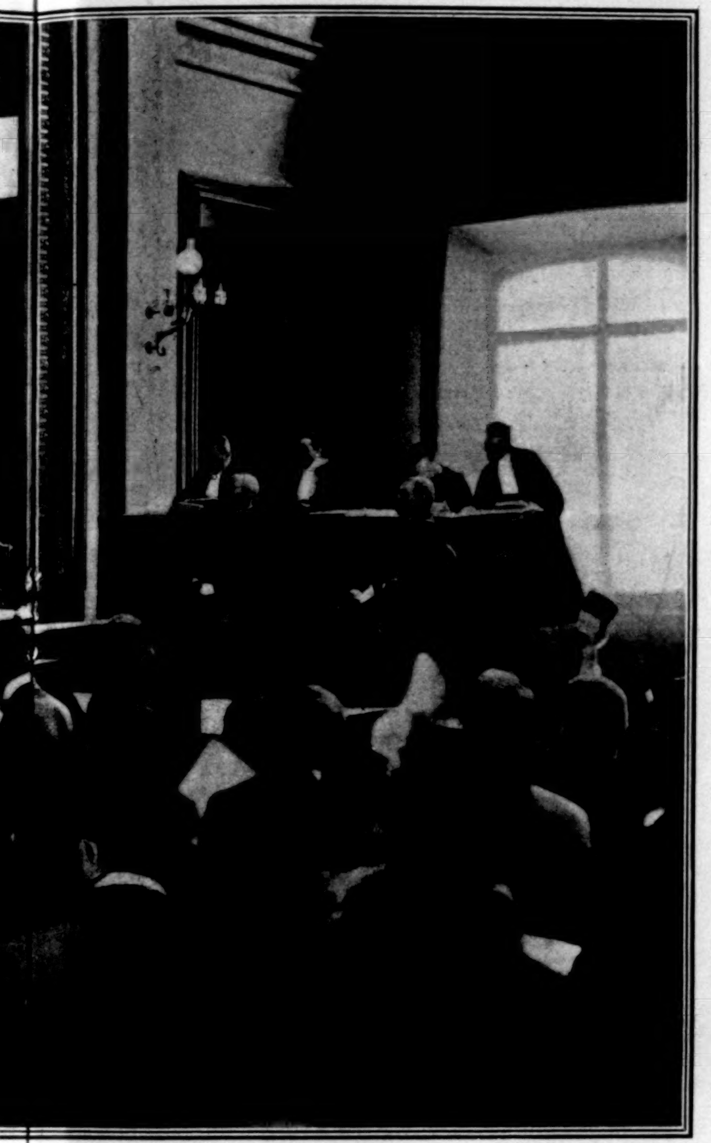
CASIMIR-PÉRIER, LATE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, T
To his Right sit Captain Dreyfus and the Officer who guards him. Maître



Madame Labori.

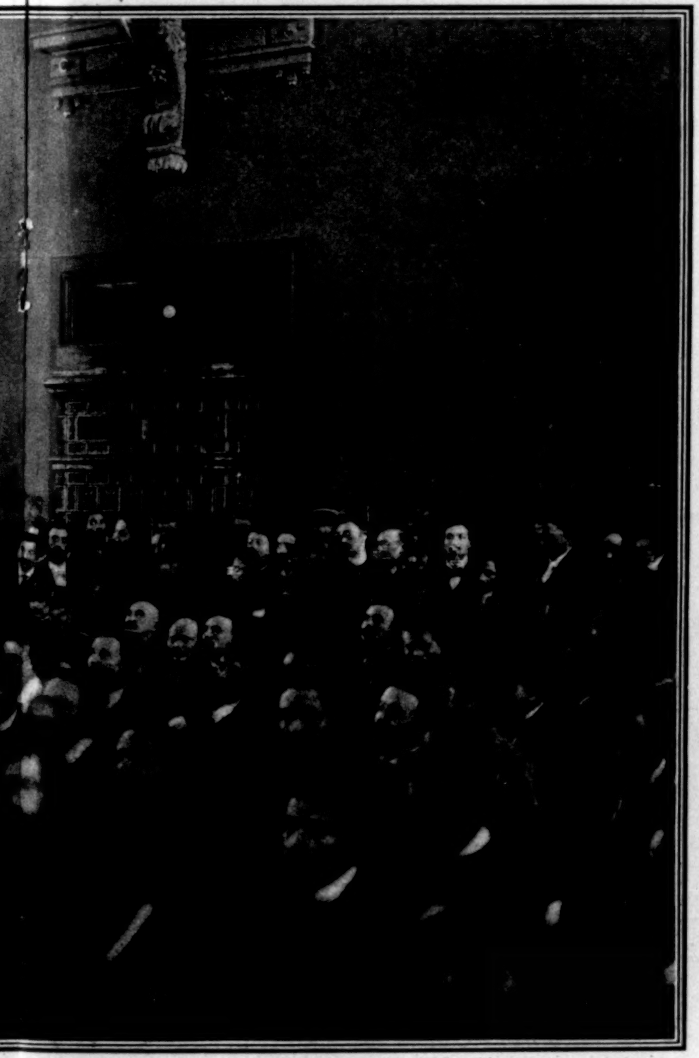
THE AUDIENCE A
The Line of Artillerymen at the Back separates the "general Publi

THE DREYFUS TRIAL AT RENNES—SCENES IN THE CITY, IN T



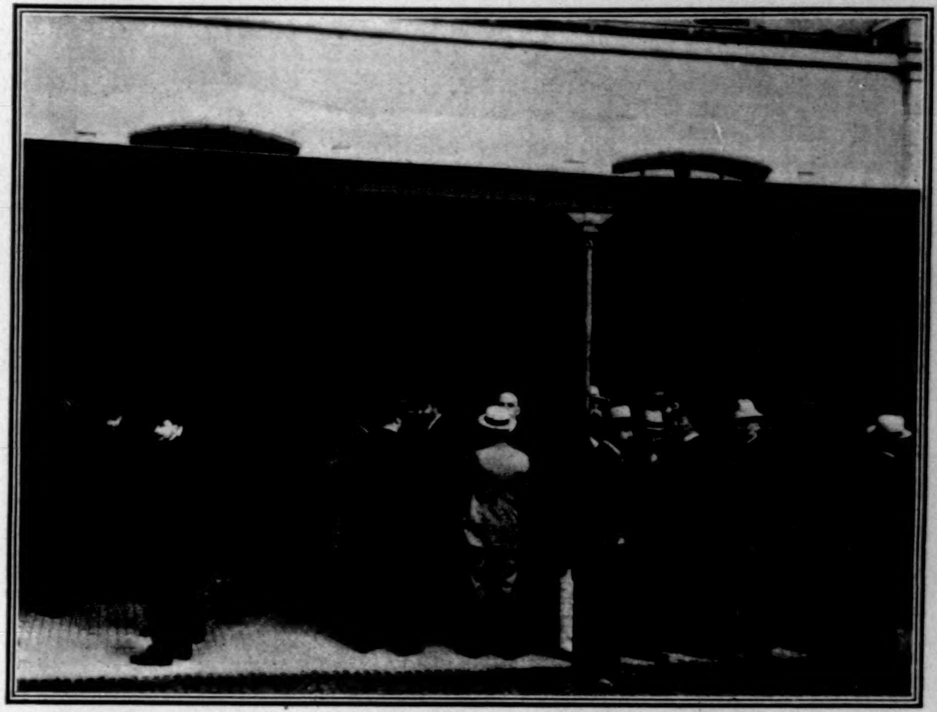
Demange. Dreytus. Labori.

NCE, TESTIFYING BEFORE THE COURT, AUGUST 12.
Maitres Demange and Labori sit at either End of the Desk behind Dreyfus.



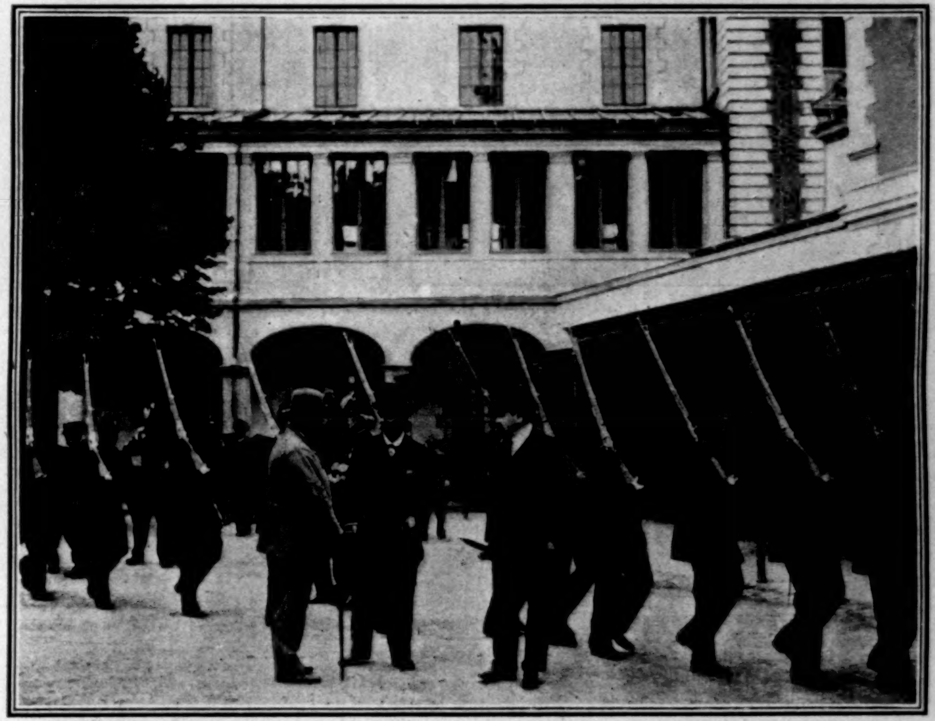
Marcel Prevost (in second line of faces).

E AT THE TRIAL.
Public" (standing up) from those admitted by Card, who are seated.



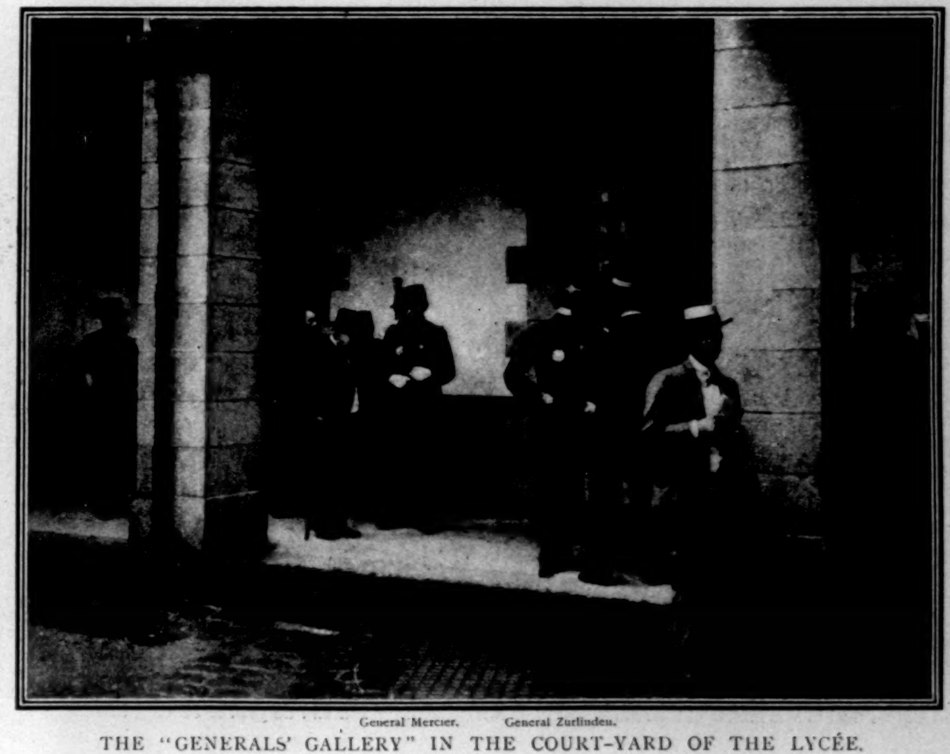
Colonel Picquart (his profile only shows).

IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE LYCÉE, AUGUST 14.
Colonel Picquart discussing the News of the Attack on Labori with Correspondents and Secret-Service Officers.



Casimir-Périer.

CASIMIR-PÉRIER IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE LYCÉE AT THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION OF AUGUST 14.



General Mercier. General Zurlinden.

THE "GENERALS' GALLERY" IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE LYCÉE.

THE COURT-ROOM, AND IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE LYCÉE.

JOHN F. BASS. WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

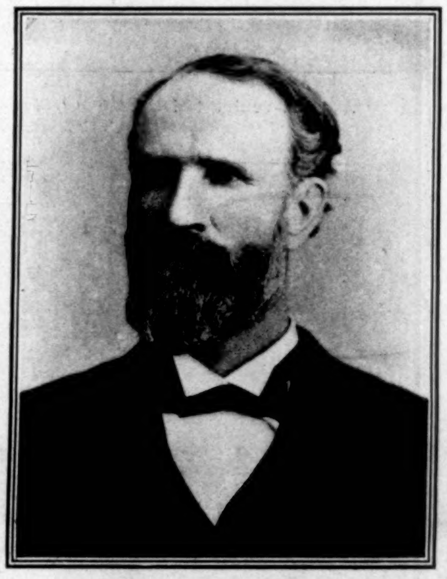
"HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES—OUR TWO STAFF CORRESPONDENTS WITH THEIR CARRIER-PIGEONS ON THE ADVANCED FIRING-LINE.

methods destruction by fire can be stopped or curtailed, and whether it is not practicable to enforce some more sensible system of getting off the wood.

"The water question was another one which we looked into. West of the one-hundredth meridian of longitude, crops are grown mostly by the aid of irrigation or percolation. The valleys are generally impregnated with salts, which are brought to the surface of the ground by the injudicious use of water. The lower benches and depressions of the valleys are in many cases rendered sterile by this process. The land immediately around the Great Salt Lake offers a striking illustration in point. The States, unfortunately, have no uniform system of laws regarding water rights. The decisions of the State courts are as varied as the laws and customs of their several localities. Our department is therefore endeavoring to compile the laws, decisions, and customs affecting water in those States where the water question is vital to the agricultural interests. It is possible that by thus exhibiting the contrasts and incongruities observed in this field we may help to bring about some changes in the direction of distributing water more wisely and economically. To give you an idea of the confusion prevailing, you may find a riparian decision to the effect that a stream must flow undiminished on its way, standing side by side with provisions for private water rights for irrigation which allow all the water from the stream to be used for improving the lands of the neighboring farmers; while in California legislation is in such condition that men get and sell water rights for profit without actually cultivating an acre of land themselves.

"The scientists of this department are associating themselves with the scientific men of the several Western States at work in their colleges and at their experiment stations, with a view to bringing all the best expert knowledge and inventive genius to bear upon the problems in that great agricultural region. What seems now to be needed more than any other one thing is diversification of crops. In a country where the climate and soil are such that almost anything will grow, there is no excuse for a wasteful exhaustion of nature's bounty by sticking persistently to one thing. I was very much struck on this trip by a single small illustration of what can be done by shrewdness in husbanding one's resources and applying them in new methods and forms. A Miss Eschelmann, near Fresno, California, keeps one hundred thoroughbred Holstein cows. All the manure from this source she placed for one year on thirty acres of Empress grapes, and sold the product of her vineyard for $11,000. What one farmer can do, another can, surrounded by the same conditions. There is more money in growing a crop like alfalfa for stock-feeding, and thus enriching the soil, than in plying the same ground with crop after crop of grain, with the assurance that exhaustion must come sooner or later, and that the necessity for refertilization will compel the growing of alternate crops.

"I am encouraged to believe that the department can do a great deal in this matter of the rehabilitation of soils, because we have undoubtedly the first experts in soil physics and plant pathology in the world. Our young men go abroad, look over the products of European research in this branch, and come back with the assurance that we can learn nothing from our friends across the sea. The colleges come here and try to coax away our best men, and I am often obliged to raise their salaries in order to keep them. But you would be astonished if you knew how rare a man is a soil physicist. We have hundreds of colleges turning out graduates in science year after year, and yet, when we want a soil physicist, we cannot get him by advertising, and the Civil Service Commission holds its examinations in vain. We have to take a young man with a bent for science, after his university has got through with him, and bring him in here and train him ourselves. It is the same way with plant physiologists. But we have the consoling thought that, as long as our Department of Agriculture holds its supremacy in these domains, the agricultural producers of the whole country can and do get the benefit of it."



HON. JAMES WILSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.

Mauna Loa in Eruption

A DASH TO THE CRATER

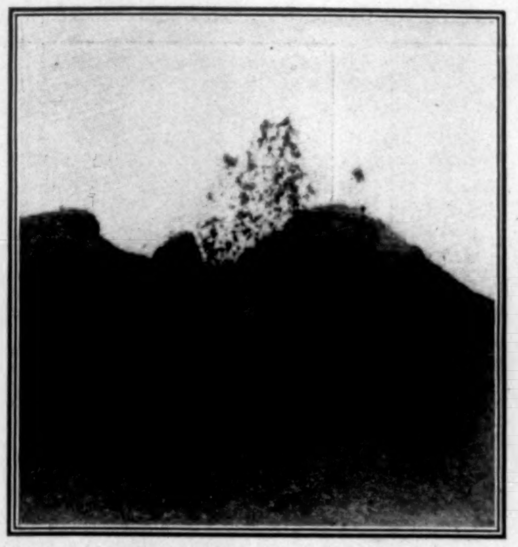
Photographs by Le Munyon, Honolulu

THE volcano mountain of Mauna Loa rises precipitately from the sea-level to an elevation of 13,650 feet. The entire shore-line of the island of Hawaii forms its base, and this deceives one as to its great magnitude and height. At the summit is the great crater of Mokuaweoweo, which for centuries past has been the centre of Mauna Loa's greatest activity. In the memory of the oldest Hawaiian, the crater Mokuaweoweo is responsible for the lava which covers the summit and sides of the mountain to a depth of hundreds of feet, from an elevation of 6000 feet to the peak. Streams of liquid stone have devasted thousands of acres of what otherwise would be the finest soil for agricultural purposes, and even as late as 1881 a river of lava flowed to within a few miles of the city of Hilo, creating a fearful anxiety lest the city would undergo the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

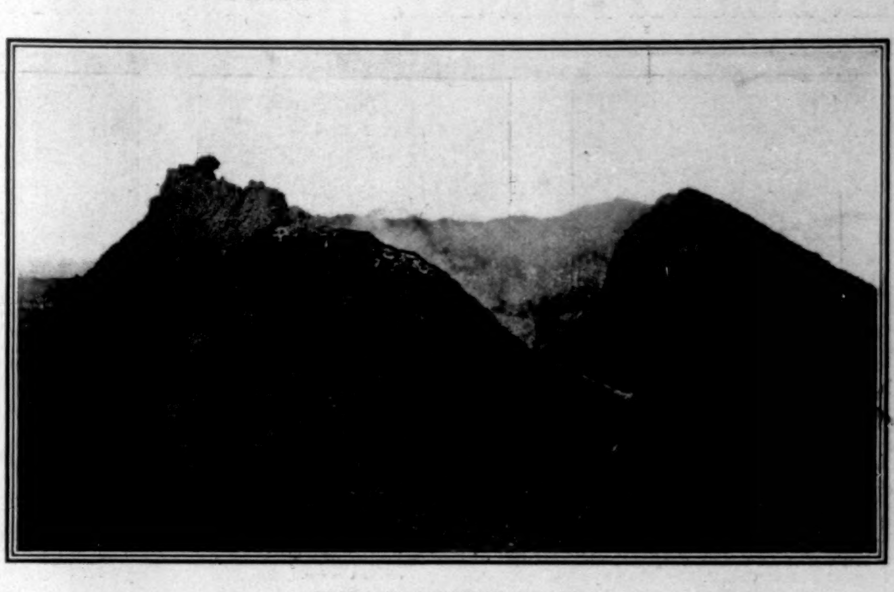
On the Fourth of July last, at three o'clock in the morning, a terrific explosion, followed by small earthquakes, was felt in every part of the island; the sky was lit up as with the brightness of day; and from Hilo, fifty miles away, red streams of lava could be discerned coursing at a terrific rate down the mountain-side, seemingly issuing from a dozen newly formed craters. One stream was discovered to be following the course of the flow of 1880-1, and again fears were entertained for the safety of Hilo.

The news of the eruption reached Honolulu on the 8th of July, and expeditions were at once organized to make what was well known to be a perilous and exceedingly dangerous journey. A party of eight, including Mr. C. E. Le Munyon, the photographer of the expedition, Charles E. Eagan (son of General C. P. Eagan), who planted the American flag on the overhanging lip of the largest and most violent crater, Fred A. Jacobs, who has the distinguished honor of christening this wonderful spouting cone the "Admiral Dewey Crater," and your correspondent, left the city of Hilo on the 20th of July on horseback. Joe Flores and Kamuki, two of the most experienced and careful guides on the island, accompanied us; two pack-horses carried extra water; for in the entire stretch of country between the Volcano House and Mauna Loa, thirty miles or more, there is not a drop of water, not a sign of vegetation, except a small grove of koa-trees—an oasis in this desert of lava.

At daybreak on July 21 we began the trip from the Volcano House. The hardy experience of the guides was extremely opportune, for by 5.30 in the afternoon we had travelled nearly twenty-five miles over rough, jagged fields of lava; the effect upon the horses was terrible; they were utterly worn out, and suffered extremely from fatigue, and the cuts and bruises received from the sharp,



"ADMIRAL DEWEY" CRATER IN ACTION.
Molten Lava thrown high in Air.



"ADMIRAL DEWEY" CRATER.
This Crater, now 200 Feet high, was formed by the Lava cooling about the Opening.

unyielding spurs of "pahoehoe," or lump lava. Often we crossed over thin crusts of lava, beneath which would be a cavern some fifty or sixty feet in depth—an air-hole formed during a former flow. Over these dangerous fields we had to lead the horses. This predicament finally became so perilous to our party that the guides were compelled to go far ahead and prod the crust with their pikes. With all this precaution, however, Mr. Eagan suddenly crashed through a crust, falling to his armpits, his shoulders saving him from a drop into a cavern of fifty feet in depth. We made camp at the grove of koawood-trees, where our horses were tethered; from this point we decided to make the dash to the summit on foot. As soon as the moon shed enough light through the mists and smoky haze we began the hardest part of the trip. Knowing the dangerous character of the country to be traversed, we felt that our lives were at stake, and that we were taking desperate chances by travelling at night. This, however, was a necessity forced upon us, because travelling up the summit in the heat of the sun was almost out of the question, and also because our water-supply was limited. Further, the strong desire to observe this great natural phenomenon by night-time impelled us onward. Far up the mountain-side the glow of the flowing lava river was intense; from the crater itself great masses of livid white-hot matter shot up hundreds of feet into the air, some falling back into this nature's cauldron, some piling upon the sides and lips of the cone, thus upbuilding it continually until the walls had risen to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Occasionally the crater would choke, and for a few seconds all would be still, when suddenly, with a terrific report, the entire cone seemed to lift itself high in air. The awful splendor of the cascades of living fire, accompanied by the roar and rumble of a dozen Niagaras at play, made a spectacle seldom witnessed by men.

The guides carefully marked the way, and we struggled desperately upward on the eight-miles dash. Every few rods we were compelled to take short rests for breath. Previous expeditions had failed for lack of water. We could carry a gallon of water each, and the use of the water during the first few miles of the trip was prevented only by rigid will-power. Soon we began to feel the heat of the lava crust; the heat of the distant lava river fanned our faces, while the chill air of that elevation tingled our backs and ears. Soon we came upon the river of dull red, glowing "pahoehoe," two miles from the belching cone; at this point it was very sluggish on the surface, a thin crust gradually cooling over, while underneath the liquid fire was coursing along at the rate of an express train. The heat reflected into our faces was intense and painful, while our feet became blistered and our shoes were worn to shreds on the piercing spears of a-a lava. Our throats became parched and our eyes were burning. At times we were barely able to see the craters, which might be likened to great warty excrescences on the mountain-side. This was accounted for by the fact that a great expanse of lava-fields often looks like the heavy swell of the ocean in great waves; when we were in the trough of a lava wave of a former flow we were completely shut out from a view of the burning cone. Thus we struggled across this rigid swell of lava sea for six hours, guided by the great livid masses as they shot up hundreds of feet from the crater.

Long after midnight we arrived within a half-mile of the active cone, and from our position could watch the marvellous pulsations of the liquid masses as they rose to the rim, and then poured over into great caverns and crevices beneath the open vent, and swept away with the speed of the swiftest express; huge chunks of molten lava, often as large as a cottage, rose high in air, and falling, broke into a thousand fragments, sizzling and sputtering upon the lips of the cone and into the very cone itself with a mighty splash. Often the gigantic forces within the crater seemed unable to force the lava out fast enough, until a mighty explosion scattered the mass far and wide. Working along carefully, we at last arrived at the base, carefully feeling for each footstep, lest we plunge through a recently formed crust and plunge down into a molten mass of lava. From our point of vantage we could see the great seam in the side of the cone through which the lava escaped. It formed a cascade of living, moving, scintillating liquid fire, falling a distance of perhaps sixty feet. It made a river forty feet wide and twenty feet in depth, coursing at the start at a rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. An engineer estimated that 32,000 cubic feet of the glowing mass poured out of the vent *every second*. As it rushed down the mountain-side, winding in and out through the old flows, it appeared like a long wide ribbon of deepest scarlet, or like a painted panorama with the river covered by red-dyed isinglass, beneath which powerful electric currents glowed, and at intervals great fountains spouted up from the flow from air-holes.

At daybreak Mr. Jacobs unfolded an American flag, which bore the inscription, "This flag was planted here July 22, 1899." In a patriotic speech, heartily cheered by the tired yet enthusiastic party, he named the belching cone the "Admiral Dewey Crater." Charles Eagan grasped the flag and eagerly began the perilous ascent up the heated walls of the burning crater, finally planting it on the very lips of the cone. Mr. Le Munyon, the photographer of the expedition, had succeeded in carrying his camera and plates to the crater without mishap, and at this time took the only *authentic photographs* yet taken, at distances varying from a mile to a half-mile of the crater. Other supposed photographs which have appeared are mostly from paintings or from former eruptions. This party claims the honor of being the first actually to reach the scene of activity and witness the displays at such close range and under such perilous conditions.

In appearance the lava—or "pahoehoe," as the native Hawaiians term it—is of a bluish-bronze hue, bright, and scintillating as the metal used in the casting of a statue. From the moment we left the Volcano House we travelled over lava-fields entirely, composed mostly of this bright-hued mass.

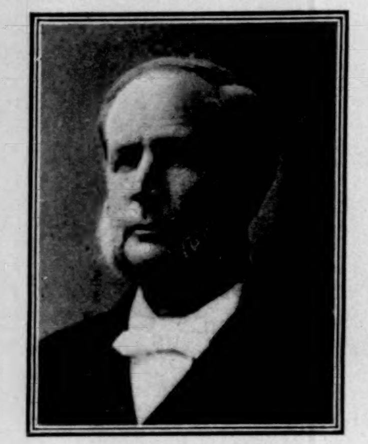
Mauna Loa is the largest active volcano in the world, an eruption formerly occurring with almost perfect regularity every twelve years. The last eruption occurred in 1881, when the stream of lava reached within but a few miles of Hilo. During the present eruption, although the flow followed the course of the flow of 1880–1, it was diverted toward the plateau between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, after flowing some fifteen miles or more; had the flow continued, it would probably have come back at some point and joined the '81 flow, eventually reaching and overwhelming the city of Hilo.

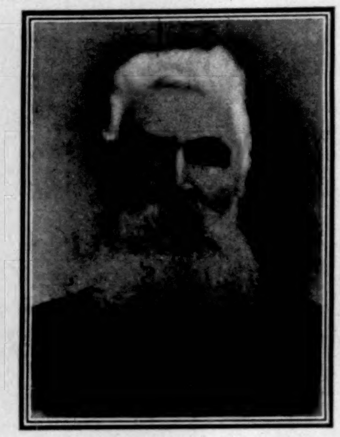
ALBERT P. TAYLOR.

VENT IN THE LIP OF THE CRATER—THE LAVA FLOWS OVER THIS AND FALLS INTO THE POOLS AND CAVERNS BENEATH.
The Cross marks the Beginning of Lava River, 40 Feet wide, 20 Feet deep, and flowing at the Rate of 50 Miles an Hour.

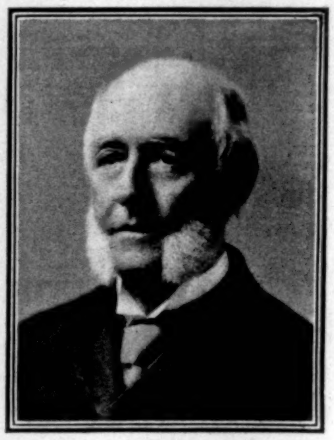
CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY THE LAVA FLOW.
Underneath the thin Crusts of the old Lava Flow are Caverns formed by Air-holes.

INTERNATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL


REV. F. A. NOBLE, D. D.,
President of the National Congregational Council.


REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, D. D.,
Of Bowdon, England. British Secretary of the Council.

REV. H. ARNOLD THOMAS, M. A ,
Of Bristol, England. Retiring Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.


REV. GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D , LL. D.,
Professor of Church History in Yale Theological Seminary.

CONGREGATIONALISM affirms the independence and self-sufficiency of the local church. Hence it makes no necessary provision for a central organization, with legislative authority, such as a presbytery or a Methodist conference. It resents and opposes every tendency or attempt to constitute such an organization. It will have none of such things. But it also believes in, affirms, and manifests Christian fellowship, denominationally and interdenominationally. Its normal tendency, unless such fellowship is expressed, is to isolation. Locally it has always expressed it in this country in its system of local advisory councils, born of special occasions and conditions, such as the settling of a minister, the adjudication of a quarrel, etc. In its dislike for centralization, and all that goes with it, it has been comparatively slow to organize national and international bodies representing itself. The Congregational Union of England and Wales was organized in 1831; the first National Council of American Congregational Churches was held in Boston in 1865, but since then provision has been made for the holding of such a council triennially, and the next one will be held in New England in 1901. The place of meeting is yet to be selected. The first International Congregational Council was held in London, July, 1891. The second International Congregational Council will be held in Boston from the 20th to the 28th of the present month. Interest in it attaches first to its members, and secondly to its programme.

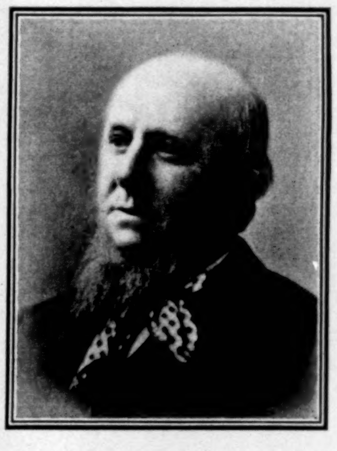
The committee have made possible a membership of six hundred, but probably not more than four hundred will be present. The aim is to make it large enough for adequate representation of the various Congregational churches and societies, but not too large for effectiveness in the transaction of business. It will be welcomed by the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston. It will bring together theologians such as Principal A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., of Mansfield College, Oxford, England, and Professor George Harris, D.D., LL.D., late President of Andover (Massachusetts) Theological Seminary, and President-elect of Amherst College; church historians like Professor George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., of Yale Divinity School, and Professor Williston Walker, D.D., of Hartford Theological Seminary; missionary propagandists, home and foreign, like Secretary Wardlaw Thompson, D.D., of the London Missionary Society, President Charles M. Lamson, D.D., of Hartford, Connecticut, President of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, Hon. Albert Spicer, M.P., of London, and Professor Graham Taylor, D.D., of Chicago Theological Seminary. A large representation of college presidents is on the programme, including Presidents Eliot, Tucker, Slocum, Hyde; and among the delegates is the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., President of Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, who is widely known as a student of comparative religions.

The programme provides for the presentation of the British and American view of many themes, such as municipal government, which will be considered by Hon. S. B. Capen, of Boston, president of the Municipal Leagues of the United States, and by Hon. W. Crosfield, J.P., of Liverpool, and ex-member of Parliament.

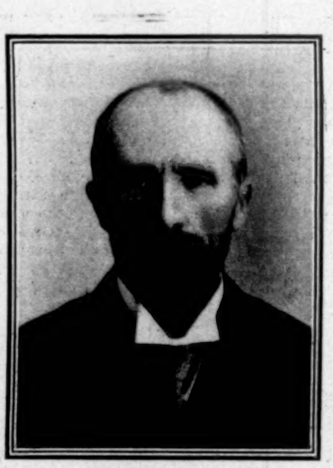
The influence of the public schools on the caste spirit will be considered by the Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., of Chicago, moderator of the National Congregational Council, and president of the American Missionary Association, New York, which labors in behalf of negroes, the Indians, the Chinese, the Southern Highlanders (whites), and which is now extending its work into Puerto Rico. Dr. Noble will be followed on the same subject by the Rev. L. D. Bevan, of Melbourne, Australia, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York. A number of the members and ex-members of the British Parliament will be in attendance, among whom will be Hon. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., from Scarborough, whose theme will be "The Christian Idea of the State." Delegates will be present from England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, Canada, the United States, Japan, and the Pacific islands.

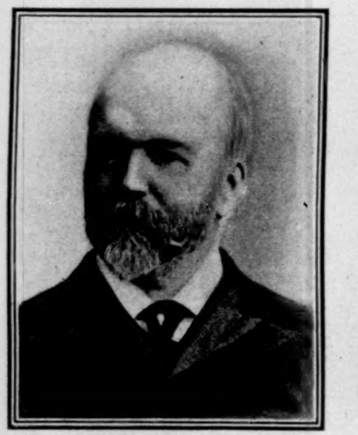
For the first time in a national or an international Congregational council women will have a place, and a conspicuous place, on the programme. Three of them will be heard, one English and two American. They are Mrs. E. S. B. Armitage, of Rawdon, England, well known as a hymnist; Miss Grace N. Kimball, M.D., of Poughkeepsie, New York, and well known as a former missionary of the Woman's Board of Missions, Boston, in Van, eastern Turkey, where she labored very effectively to feed and rescue Armenians during the massacres; and Miss Margaret J. Evans, an educator in Northfield, Minnesota, distinguished as the first woman elected to membership in the American Board, the election occurring in Grand Rapids, Michigan, October, 1898. There is every reason to believe that the proceedings of the forth-coming council will make a profound impression at home and abroad, and it is believed that its proceedings will be far more widely noticed by the press than was true of the council in London in 1891. Independency and non-conformity in England obtain but little notice from the daily press as compared with the Church of England.

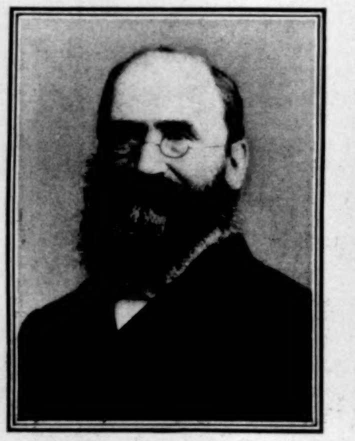
JAMES H. ROSS.

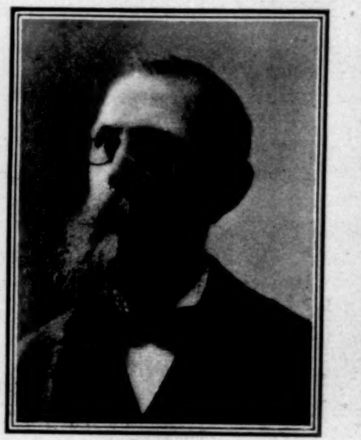

HON. JAMES BURRILL ANGELL,
President of the University of Michigan.

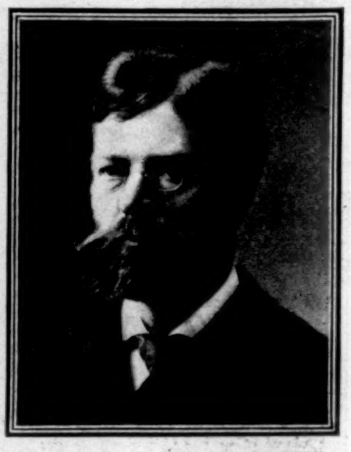
WILLIAM CROSFIELD, J. P.,
Of Liverpool, England. Who will read an Address on "Municipal Government as a Sphere for the Christian Man."


REV. JOHN MASSIE, M. A.,
Gates Professor of New Testament Exegesis, Mansfield College, Oxford, England.


ALBERT SPICER, J. P., M. P.,
Of London, England. Who will read an Address on "Social Reforms."


REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D. D.,
Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, England.


SAMUEL B. CAPEN,
Who will read an Address on "Municipal Problems."


REV. W. DE WITT HYDE, D. D.,
President of Bowdoin College.

PROMINENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CONGREGATIONALISTS WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE INTERNATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL IN BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 20–28.

AMATEUR SPORT

NOTHING short of reorganization seems equal to saving the League of American Wheelmen from dissolution, if the present officers are not made speedily to realize the unhappy and inevitable end towards which their obstinate, futile endeavors to control racing are hurrying the body they encumber.

This is by no means a sensation-seeking statement. The retrogressive future of the L. A. W., under the policy that has dominated since racing first attained vogue, might have been read in these columns any one of the last ten years. And politics is answerable for most of L. A. W. ills.

Politics was responsible for the swindling days before the institution of class B, for the deceptions tolerated through the "makers' amateur" nuisance, for the vote at the last annual meeting to continue control of racing. Politics has been the cause of the L. A. W.'s crushing defeat by the National Cycling Association in the fight this year for the control of racing, and politics finally will utterly wreck the League, unless its sponsors very shortly give evidence of a broader, more intelligent conception of the L. A. W.'s real sphere of influence and activity.

The first and indispensable step in this direction is the abandonment officially by President Keenan and his Board of the control of racing, which they have long since lost literally. Indeed, there is nothing else to be done, if they wish to escape the humiliation of complete rout.

CONSIDERING the welfare of the L. A. W., and of the sport it was organized to nourish, it becomes immediately apparent that relinquishment of racing as presently conducted is imperative. There is positively no other process by which the League may regain its former prestige and enjoy the prosperity to which such a body is entitled.

For five years at least the sportsmen—the actual supporting wheelmen of the L. A. W.—have been growing more impatient under the heedless chase of the racing element and the flagrant intrigue of the politicians to counteract the strong anti-racing sentiment at the annual meeting. Every year opposition to retaining control of racing has increased; at the last meeting the politicians were forced into the last ditch to carry the day and elect a president of their liking.

This year, for the first time in the American history of bicycling, a rival for the control of racing appeared in the National Cycling Association. So successful a bid was made by this new organization for support among racing men that it quickly secured a majority of the tracks and of the "stars," so called, both amateur and professional.

The struggle for supremacy that ensued between these two bodies has resulted in the unmistakable victory of the N. C. A., which seems to have fought fairly, but the course of the L. A. W. politicians has been desperate, and on some occasions of a character to sicken the heart of sportsmen.

Therefore the L. A. W.—thanks to its dullard politicians, who could not see beyond immediate self-interest—has lost not only control of racing, but also about half its members.

TWO years ago the League of American Wheelmen numbered 100,000 members. Last year the decline in membership was intermittent and considerable; but this season the decrease has been uninterrupted, and the present membership is cited as about 60,000.

Some explanation must be forth-coming for a loss of 40,000 members within two years. It is not to be sought in a vanishing interest in bicycling, for the number of converts to wheeling has never ceased swelling, and is a long way yet from its limit; nor is explanation to be found in the N. C. A.'s successful recruiting of racers this season, for racing men, pure and simple, are an infinitesimal number as compared with the rank and file of L. A. W. members or of wheelmen generally.

But the explanation is to be found in the ascendency of the politicians over the sportsmen in the delegates to the annual meeting, in the ballot-box, and in the offices. Convinced of this, and disgusted by disclosures made during the fight for racing control this year, and by the principles involved in that fight, the sportsmen of the L. A. W. have been resigning by the hundreds. And they will continue resigning until the strength of the L. A. W. is severely shattered, unless a new and more wholesome policy is proclaimed.

Officers who have viewed the L. A. W. as an insensate body to be wielded for their political preferment were not without ample reason for such judgment. For years the L. A. W. has been a "good thing"—if I may be pardoned the vernacular—for bicycle manufacturers, for masquerading amateurs, for its officers of political bent.

At last it seems averse to being "worked."

THAT the L. A. W. may shake off its political parasites and enter upon a new career of usefulness and prosperity is the sincere hope of all sportsmen, who, mindful of its accomplishments in the past honor, the League as an institution.

For years the League has fought for the rights of wheelmen; for years it has labored for good roads. As the direct result of its efforts, (1) the bicycle is recognized everywhere as a vehicle, and as such entitled to the use of common roads; (2) in more advanced sections it is given recognition in accordance with its special character; (3) it is carried as baggage on railroads without extra charge; (4) special paths for riders have been built and are in course of construction in cities and in the country; (5) roads have been immeasurably improved in many States; and (6) riders are not unfairly discriminated against by special tax or law.

Surely here is a record to show why the membership of the L. A. W. reached to the 100,000 mark and more!

The improvidence of the politicians became apparent when, turning from the work which had given the League strength and numbers, they sought newspaper notoriety and recognition from the trade by developing the racing element, which has, for the most part, been a curse to the L. A. W. since its first elevation to prominence.

STRENGTH and prosperous future for the L. A. W. lie not, and never have lain, in the direction of track-racing, but in the development of touring, in the continued effort for fair and progressive State legislation, and in unceasing effort to secure good roads throughout the United States. There is a great field for activity in this respect, one in which the L. A. W. has made really but a beginning.

Wheelmen in America want an organization that will expend its energy along the lines followed by the Cyclists' Touring Club of England and the Touring Club of France. Both of these antedate the L. A. W., and consequently are expected to have the wisdom born of longer experience; yet a great deal of their distinguished success is to be attributed to not dabbling in racing. Their endeavors, on the contrary, have been confined entirely to bettering roads and the rules of the road; to the establishment of moderate and uniform lodging rates throughout the country; marking of routes; publication of maps; and, in short, to everything that tends to the convenience and comfort of the tourist.

Naturally their memberships have been largely augmented and their spheres of influence extended.

If the L. A. W. will publicly announce its abandonment of the racing control (it has already lost, but fights to regain), and will confine its labors to its legitimate field, it will secure within six months the 40,000 members it has lost in the last two years. Patterning its work after the English and French touring clubs, the L. A. W. membership in fact has no limit. It might be 300,000 quite as easily as 100,000. We need the L. A. W., and want it in health and prosperity.

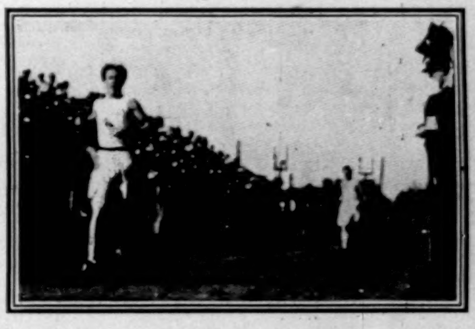
THERE might, of course, always be some racing—racing among the clubs of States, and perhaps even a district meet, open only to *bona fide* club members of that district, might also be held. I am convinced such a plan would, by increasing local club rivalry, and without the disturbing and prize-capturing "star" foreign element, give much desirable life to wheeling throughout the country.

But track-racing as now conducted the L. A. W. cannot get clear of any too quickly. It is elaborated to such a degree as to rob it of all sport for the individual, and, in too many cases, of all amateur status. Bicycle-racing on the "circuit" is a business these days. The amateur track is deeply saturated with professional methods, and it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to recognize a difference between many of the members of the two classes.

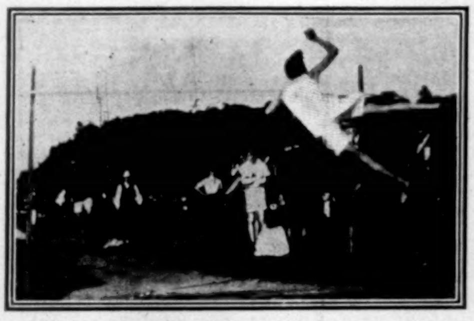
As for the racing itself, the recent meetings tend to show that in these days of open events the racing has

BAXTER RISING TO BAR AT SIX FEET.

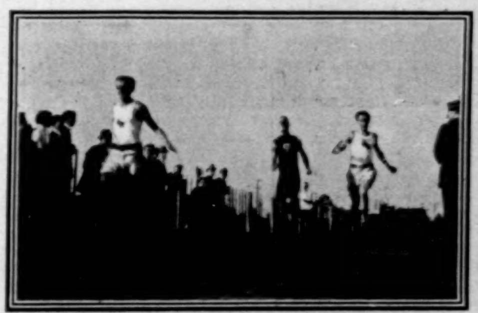
KRAENZLEIN WINNING LOW HURDLES.



A. GRANT (N. Y. A. C.) WINNING ONE-MILE.



I. K. BAXTER (N. Y. A. C.) CLEARING BAR AT SIX FEET.

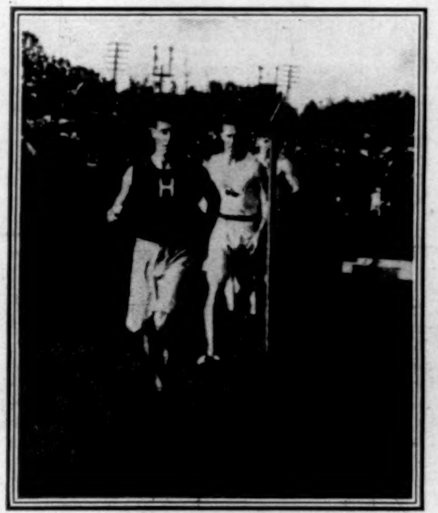


M. W. Long (N. Y. A. C.), 1st. F. L. Stephens (W. A. C.), 2d.

FINISH OF 220-YARDS.

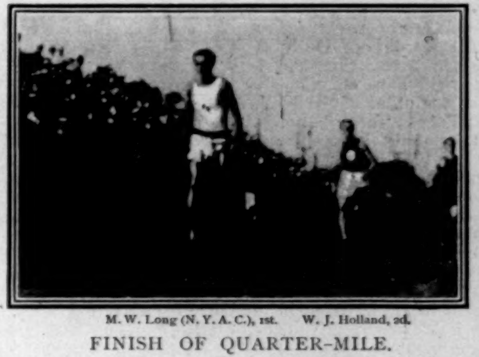
Stephens, 3d. A. C. Kraenzlein (N. Y. A. C.), 2d. A. F. Duffy (E. B. A. A.), 1st.

FINISH OF 100-YARDS.



R. Grant, 1st. A. Grant, 2d. Maguire, 3d.

LAST LAP OF FIVE-MILE.



M. W. Long (N. Y. A. C.), 1st. W. J. Holland, 2d.

FINISH OF QUARTER-MILE.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, BOSTON, AUGUST 26, 1899.

degenerated into periods of alternate loafing and freezing out, so that it is no longer a trial of speed, but of jockeying of the most offensive character—done with utmost conspicuousness before the very eyes of the officials. For example, the international amateur one-mile race was won at Montreal in 5 min. 43⅗ sec.!—and this is only to illustrate the type. The entire system of racing is noisome with "jockeying" on and off the track.

Meanwhile touring has been neglected, and the road runs largely abandoned, while Sunday race meets, which should be stopped, are permitted.

ATHLETICS in America present the curious anomaly of notable progress in individual performance and lamentable retrogression in general club activity. Quality of track and field work has developed to so remarkable a degree within the last half-dozen years that the impoverishment and unwilling retirement of so many athletic clubs is the more noticeable and regrettable.

The explanation is simple to those at all familiar with track athletics. It is the same old reason—a rich club (the New York A. C.) permitted by a weak-kneed Amateur Athletic Union to recruit the entire Western continent for star performers and maintain them for long preparatory periods at its country training establishment.

It is an oft-told story, but one as pertinent to-day, alas! as it was five years ago. United in action, if not in spirit, the A. A. U. and the N. Y. A. C. have killed general club athletics throughout the East, and are largely responsible for the troubles of the West. It is an enviable record; almost as much so as that of the old Manhattan Athletic Club.

Meanwhile the officers of the A. A. U. have not failed in an annual exhibition of outraged virtue. Having confided to newspaper reporters their indignation at serving the N. Y. A. C. further, and drafted various recalcitrant resolutions "for action at the next meeting"—they have annually and submissively, as becomes well-regulated servants of an argillaceous Union, put their official heads into the N. Y. A. C. yoke, and done its bidding.

NOW I note a proposal for a junior championship is to be made at the forth-coming meeting of the A. A.U., and in furthering the interest of general athletics it contains possibilities most commendable. But as a counterirritant of the policy which permits the gathering by one wealthy club of all the stars in the country, and thereby allows of no club rivalry at the several meetings during the year—it is entirely inefficient.

Does any one conversant with athletics doubt that such of the juniors as develop unusual skill, and are susceptible to inducement, will not be "gathered" by the same powerful club which now controls very nearly all the "stars" in America?

There is only one way of instilling life into club athletics, and that is by a rule which will enable clubs to keep the athletes who naturally are within their district.

It has frequently been pointed out that the present lax ruling of the A. A. U. allows a rich club with an enterprising and generous athletic committee to seek far and wide for athletic members; numberless illustrations can be cited of small clubs utterly wrecked by the more powerful one tempting away their promising material; and it need not be said that such procedure in time absolutely kills club rivalry, and along with it club athletics.

DISTRIBUTE the present all-America star team of the N.Y.A.C. over the sections to which they rightfully belong, and there would be an athletic nucleus in several directions which would arouse the dying interest.

Of the thirteen athletes who won points for the N. Y. A.C. at the recent National Championships—eight are not residents of New York or vicinity, and no more representative of New York Athletic Club development than is Tod Sloan of the English racing seat; both are engaged; one receives money, and the other receives the privileges of a beautiful country club and a liberal training-table, during the active period of their engagement.

Kraenzlein lives in Milwaukee, where there is an excellent club he should naturally represent in the National Championships; A. Grant lives in Canada; Baxter in Pennsylvania; Powers in Massachusetts, when not in Indiana; Wright in Massachusetts—and so on through the list. Consider what a stimulus to their local clubs would be their representation by these men, whose desertion of the home institution for one that offers larger perquisites reveals their true amateur status, and shows just how much they care for sport for sport's sake.

Kraenzlein, Baxter, and Grant are students of Pennsylvania, and I marvel somewhat that university has not fallen in line with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton on this subject, and forbidden its undergraduates representing athletic clubs whose liberality in the matter of privileges is a constant menace to their amateur standing.

But although there are some features of our club athletics that make the sportsman shudder, yet let us be thankful that American club athletics never have approached the depths of degradation sounded long ago by club athletics in England, where the book-makers' athletes, and betting, and men run to order at all meetings thrive in their corruption.

THE National Championships, held in Boston for the first time, were made notable by the appearance of two new athletes—A. F. Duffy and F. L. Stephens, whose future work seems likely to be productive of record-making. Duffy represented the East Boston Athletic Association, and is a Roxbury boy, who, we hope, will have stamina and sportsmanship enough to resist the offers of the N. Y. A. C.—which no doubt has already been "after" him. He has been showing excellent form all this season, and was believed safe for 10 sec. for the 100; but in one of the trial heats at the National meeting he covered the distance in the world's-record time of 9⅘ sec., though there is some doubt of its being allowed, because of a favoring slight breeze. He handily won the final in 10 sec.

Stephens lives in Halifax, N. S., and is also quite young (twenty), and has been running three years, though not until last year, when he ran 100 yards. in 10 sec. and secured second to M. W. Long in the Canadian Championships, was he especially prominent in results. At home, a few weeks ago, he is said to have done 220 yards in 22 sec., but he did not show such form in Boston. Kraenzlein beat him by two feet for second place in the short sprint, and in the 220 flat he was beaten three yards by Long in 22⅘ sec.

LONG'S performances were very commendable, and these, together with his exhibition at the earlier Metropolitan meeting, stamp him as a sprinter of enduring ability. He won the 220 in 22⅘ sec., and the quarter in 50⅘ sec., beating the second man, Holland, in the latter by about four yards. There seems little doubt that Long, in his present form, is equal to 49 sec., if not better.

H. E. Manvel appears to be another whose public performances do not disclose his real capability. He won the half-mile so easily—by eight yards, in fact—from Bray, in 1 min. 58⅘ sec., that a full second lower seems not too much to expect of him when needed to win. Interest in the one-mile run was entirely supplied by the duel between A. L. Wright and A. Grant, which made an exciting race up to the very end, when the latter forged ahead and won by ten yards in 4 min. 28⅗ sec. The Grant brothers, Alexander and Richard, had the five-mile event, which the A. A. U. has been very wise in adding to the programme, to themselves, and made a tie of it in 28 min. 30⅘ sec., although Alexander is perhaps the better man at the distance.

Kraenzlein of course easily won both hurdles (the high in 15⅘ sec. and the low in 26⅕ sec.) and the broad jump (23 ft. 5 in.), and took second to Baxter (6 ft. 1 in.) in the high, with a jump of 6 ft. Baxter won the pole vault, 10 ft. 9 in., without difficulty.

R. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., won the shot (44 ft. ½ in.), and established a new discus record of 122 ft. 3⅝ in. The N. Y. A. C.'s member from Ireland, Flanagan, won the 56-lb. weight (33 ft. 7⅛ in.) and the hammer (155 ft. 4½ in.)

"GENESEE'S" defeat of *Beaver* for the *Canada's* Cup in the international interlake championship is to be credited almost as much to the masterful handling of her by the skipper, Charles G. Davis, as to the speedy sailing of the boat. In the three races which decided the contest not a point was lost by him, and nothing but his exceedingly clever work saved the second heat.

The air throughout the series ranged from moderate to very light, and under these conditions the Canadian defender was no match for the challenger from Rochester. On every point of sailing *Genesee* showed undeniable superiority, thereby furnishing weighty evidence that American designers and builders still rank foremost in centreboarders, at least, for the Duggan boat built for the Canadian defence trials, that was so completely distanced by *Beaver*, was a centreboard. *Beaver* is a fin-keel, and was designed by H. C. McLeod, of Halifax.

A ten-mile-an-hour wind was blowing on the day of the first race, and *Beaver* got the better of the start by ten seconds, the course being triangular, each leg seven miles. But she soon relinquished it, for the first leg was a run, and *Genesee* gained that ten seconds, and eighty-eight more, by the time she turned the first mark. The second leg was a beat, and supposed to be *Beaver's* best point of sailing; she gained a few seconds, only to lose them on the run home—*Genesee* winning by 1 min. 15 sec.

ON the second day the air was exceedingly light and fluky, and the course was over a nine-mile beat to windward and return. There was scarcely enough wind before the start to give steerageway; but soon it lifted somewhat, and the boats got away on even terms. It was more a contest of smart handling than sailing, and rarely has a race exhibited such continuously clever jockeying. *Genesee* rounded the mark 1 min. 19 sec. ahead; but immediately thereafter *Beaver* crept up, until, when five miles from the home mark, the boats were on even terms.

Genesee now began pushing *Beaver* to windward in order to change the race from a run to a reach, and was successful in her strategy; but *Beaver* sailed so well under her spinnaker that she again nearly pulled up. It was any one's race in the last mile up to the very end, when the wind shifted, and *Genesee* gybed, crossing the line not over fifty yards before *Beaver*, which had bungled her spinnaker in the gybing. Official win—39 sec.

The last and decisive race of the series was the least exciting, in so much as it took on something of the nature of a walkover. The air was light—perhaps five to six knots—and hazy, and the course a triangle, as in the first race. *Beaver* got the weather position at the start, but that availed her little, for on the first leg to windward *Genesee* gained eleven minutes. *Beaver* was hung up at this mark for a minute, and when she got going, even in the broad reach which best suited her, she could reduce the American's lead by very little, and *Genesee* won finally by 10 min. 55 sec.

It would have been interesting to see the rival boats in a whole-sail breeze, and though *Beaver's* showing would be undoubtedly bettered under such conditions, the consensus of expert opinion regards *Genessee* the faster all-round craft, three times out of five. There is a chance that the two will meet again later for the Fisher Cup, held by the Rochester Club, and for which the Royal Canadian Yacht Club has just challenged.

The *Canada's* Cup, by-the-way, was originally donated by Toledo, and not by Chicago yachtsmen, as inadvertently stated a week or so ago, as a perpetual challenge trophy of the interlake championship. This is only the second time that it has been raced for, the first being off Chicago, and won by the Fife cutter *Canada*, which, following tradition, has given the cup its name, just as in the case of the *America's* Cup.

HARRIMAN'S defeat by Q. A. Shaw, 2 up and 1 to play, in the Newport golf tournament is by no means surprising; indeed, his exhibition in the first half of his match with Keene was sufficient hint to the observing. Had Keene played enough this season to give him consistent form, he would certainly have beaten the present champion. As it was, he gave him a hard tussle, and disclosed the possibilities of his own game if perseveringly practised.

Harriman's is a game that requires considerable work to keep its top pace. None in the first class can afford, in these days, to neglect the gruelling that gives steadiness and accuracy—the winning elements—and Harriman can afford it least of all.

At the same time, it is not desirable perhaps that a man keep tuned up all the time, though really in a game demanding so little physical effort as golf staleness or other ill effects are hardly likely. It would seem as if a player should hold his top form in golf all through the season by a fair amount of regular practice—but it must be regular. That is where most of men fail, and no doubt this is especially true of Harriman.

Although defeated by Harriman—2 up and 1 to play—Keene quite made the most brilliant round of the tourney, doing 169 in the qualifying round, and giving glimpses of play in all his matches that suggest a very high-class game under steady practice. This was especially noticeable in his match with J. A. Stillman, whom he beat 3 up and 2 to play.

SHAW'S victory over Harriman is by no means to be attributed to Harriman's poor play; it was an unusual sight, to be sure, to see Harriman unsteady, but Shaw played a first-class game that permitted of no deterioration at any point of the match in the play of his opponent.

It was even up for the first seven holes, each having taken one, and the other five being halved. Then Shaw drove wild, and Harriman taking two, turned for home, leading. But Shaw had some luck, supplemented by fine play, and in four holes the match was even up. The next hole Shaw won, aided by Harriman's too vigorous ironwork, which gave the Bostonian the lead. The following two holes were halved, Shaw playing the safe game he knows so well, while Harriman was putting forth every effort to win. On the seventeenth hole Harriman gave a surprising exhibition, driving into the sand-pit, and bungling his escape, so that Shaw had no difficulty winning this hole, and with it the match, his especial strength being in driving, and his all-round play really of a high order.

THE Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, Scotland, has also been rule-making, and its committee recently made public a revised code which will be submitted to the club for final action at the autumn meeting. While the proposed revision is a step in the right direction, most American golfers will prefer the annotated rules of the U.S.G.A., as being clearer and more definite, particularly in the matter of penalties and in drawing distinctions between the usage in match and in medal play. The value of the British committee's work lies chiefly in the rearrangement and condensation of the present hotchpotch called by courtesy the Rules of Golf. The total number is reduced from forty to thirty-three, but in bulk they remain about the same, and there are several additions to the special rules for medal or stroke play and to the "Etiquette of Golf."

Summarizing the important changes, it may be noted that "casual water" is now given a definition, and provision is also made for its presence in a hazard and upon the putting-green.

Under new rule 21 a player shall not play at the hole (when within twenty yards) until the flag-staff has been removed. The penalty in both the match and stroke games is fixed at one stroke. Under the U. S. G. A. ruling there is no penalty for a breach of this rule in match play, but at stroke play the offender is disqualified, though only if, in putting at the hole, he *also* hits the flag-staff. The new rule is the better one of the two.

A LOST ball still loses the hole, but if both balls are lost the hole is halved. The latter provision is borrowed from the U. S. G. A. code. It will be noticed, however, that no provision has been made for balls "out of bounds," and nothing done to qualify the fundamental principle that lost ball is lost hole.

A ball displaced by an opponent's ball may be replaced, at the player's option, but this must be done before another stroke is played. This ruling will dispose of a question over which much good ink and paper have been wasted.

If the player hits his ball twice, the penalty is one stroke. This rule originally could be found only in the special rules for medal play.

If the ball moves out of its position while the player is making his *downward* stroke no penalty is incurred. The U. S. G. A. ruling is that the penalty is one stroke, except when at the tee.

IN the special rules for stroke competitions a competitor playing outside the teeing limits is penalized one stroke. By the U. S. G. A. ruling he is disqualified, unless the stroke be at once recalled. A player must putt out every hole, under penalty of disqualification.

A player may play with a professional in a stroke competition, but only by express permission of the green committee. But the qualification is added that he must not willingly receive advice from anybody except his caddie. The penalty is disqualification.

In the "Etiquette of Golf" it is stated that a single player has no standing on the green, and must give way to any properly constituted match. A match that fails to keep its place on the green, and loses in distance more than one clear hole on those in front, may be passed on request. In future it will be a part of golfing etiquette for a player leaving a bunker to fill up the holes he may have made in it—a sorely needed provision.

The final provision that it is the duty of an umpire or referee to take cognizance of any breach of the rules that he may observe, *whether he be appealed to on the point or not*, is a most excellent addition to the code.

No notice is taken of Colonel Bogey, and the "out-of-bounds" question is left to the care of the local rule-makers. The dropping of the term "medal play" and the substitution of the words "stroke competition" is a pleasing innovation. Of course none of this is final. Meanwhile British golfers are hard at work revising the revision.

THE trip to the Pacific coast of an Eastern tennis team will bring the season to satisfactory conclusion, always provided the arrangement for travelling expenses does not offend the ethics of amateur sport or the trip be not prolonged after college opens.

There are several very good players on the coast, notably George F. Whitney, the champion, his brother R. W., and the two Hardy brothers, Sumner and Samuel, and T. A. Driscoll. Of these none has met an Eastern player save Driscoll, who a couple of years ago defeated both Paret and Ware.

The Eastern team includes Whitman, Ward, and Wright; a strong and representative combination—certain to give a high-class exhibition of the Eastern game.

California courts, however, are usually of asphalt or of dirt, and the change from turf will be sure to affect the Easterners' play.

Owing to Labor Day, this Department closed September 1. Remaining Golf and Polo next Week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE GOLFICIDE."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS

LONDON

WOMEN'S CLUBS

A FEATURE in modern London life is the rapid development of new clubs for ladies, and the increase of membership in those already established. English women have, up to now, scarcely been considered a clubbable race, and hitherto have known nothing of combination. So little accustomed as they are to public or semi-public life, they find on waking up to it they have much to learn. The list of clubs is longer than many would suppose, and is being yearly added to—the chief are the Albemarle, Alexandra, Baths, Sesame, Pioneers, Green Park, Empress, and Grosvenor Crescent.

The Albemarle, having quietly existed and developed during the last twenty-five years, may be considered the oldest of these, whilst the Grosvenor Crescent is a thing of yesterday, for the rules were drawn up and three hundred members elected only last October last. Each club pushes forward some particular motive that aims at being a distinctive feature. Some clubs have more than one object in view; some have only one, and that but in name.

The Albemarle, with eight hundred members, contains about an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. The backbone of this membership is the large quantity of married couples who are members, and who appear to enjoy club life together. The spinsters and bachelors are almost in a minority here. Also, it does not introduce within its walls purely a set of fashionable people, but professional artists of both sexes are on the list. The house is most comfortable, quiet, and clean. Good decorations are carefully considered. A plain London house in Albemarle Street—a good quarter—having been transformed to suit club purposes. The library is developing, possessing already good books of reference and standard works. With advantage more money might be spent in this direction. A smoking-room for ladies has been recently granted, but evidently with some hesitation, as not until the shades of night are falling is the room available for this evidently doubtful purpose.

It takes about six years for a lady to become elected for the Albemarle, though members of the sterner sex can obtain entrance more rapidly. There are not so many male as female candidates, and it is desirable to keep the balance of sex even.

The Alexandra has so stern a set of rules that they almost aim at the total abolition of the mere man. The door of this conventually ruled establishment is, it is true, kept by a hall porter, but mischievous youth suggests that this guardian has been selected chiefly from his likeness to an old woman!—no other of his sex may cross the magic threshold; as soon might a lady invade the precincts of the Carlton, Devonshire, or Reform as one in male attire appear amongst the Alexandraites. I am told that when left to themselves ladies make somewhat a dull club. They are disinclined to maintain the forms that are deemed courteous in semi-public life. Dressing for dinner is somewhat rare; shawls and knitted mufflers are worn about the face; tea or a bunn prevails in lieu of dinner, and the one object seems to be that of entire triumphant, indubitable, but slightly dull respectability.

The Baths Club rejoices in the most complete bathing establishment in London. The beautiful swimming-bath, extending between Dover and Berkeley streets, is one of the largest in London, well kept and waited on. The Turkish bath is an equal delight. These baths are usually reserved for the ladies in the mornings and the gentlemen at nights, and occasionally there are exhibitions of powers in swimming feats. It has a large and increasing membership.

The Sesame, in the same street, has members of both sexes, numbering about seven hundred and fifty, and has space for more. The lectures are a feature in this nicely appointed establishment; one is usually delivered weekly, and courses are arranged to be given in series by some special lecturer or institute. There is a good glass-covered room for the purpose of these meetings, and they are well attended and appreciated by the members. Enlightened views are entertained, and smoking for ladies allowed here.

The Pioneers is the club of the advanced women's party. Here are held meetings and debates in the cause. Men are admitted to these in order to be crushed by oratory, for having too long usurped rights that they have held on no other grounds but by might—a principle that, in these enlightened days, has been set aside in the government of nations.

The Green Park has been established some four years, wanting still one hundred more members to make up its requisite number. It is now housed in a curious old-fashioned building in Grafton Street, and its charming drawing-room is furnished suitably to the style. It is a club largely patronized by royalty. Music is the chief feature, and the bimonthly concerts have excellent programmes, ably performed. It is worthy of notice that many leading artistes in to-day's world of music and drama made their first bow to the public at club matinées. This is a proprietary club, and, managed by a lady, has an air of homeliness and comfort that ladies usually attain with ease.

The Empress, also a proprietary club, is entirely for ladies, gentlemen only entering as guests; it is quite new, and aims at being fashionable. It has, one would think, with over two thousand members, almost more than the house will accommodate.

The Grosvenor Crescent, on quite new lines of its own, has started in a spacious house next to St. George's Hospital. It has attached to it a women's institute, founded on strictly non-party lines, and comprising a reference library, a room for meetings, an association of women lecturers, a women's benefit society, a statistical society referring especially to women's industries, etc. It aims also at helping other associations, outside its doors, such as convalescent homes, women's gardeners and farmers' societies, and working-girls' clubs. The scheme is a large one, and if all contemplated is carried out, it may prove one of great usefulness. It is not necessary for a member of the club to join the institution, but the furthering, on the best lines, of women's work is certainly an object kept before the club, whilst it also furnishes a social centre for women interested in literature, art, science, and philanthropy. No alcoholic drinks are sold on the premises, but every form of temperance drink is made a *spécialité*. The club seems to have life, warmth, and movement—not merely a pleasure haunt of luxury, but a starting-point for work, an association of women to help women.

The provinces will not be slow at imitating this London movement, and many county towns are starting something of the kind.

In Dublin the Athenæum has been in existence for some years, having its quarters in Morrisson's Hotel, with about 120 members at present, and is increasing. There is sleeping accommodation in the hotel set apart for the club members at charges 25 per cent. below the ordinary tariff.

Thus women are quickly finding out the convenience and sociability of club life all over the British Isles, as well as in the capital.

In the golf clubs it is still lamentable to report that on ladies' days turf is not replaced, and flags on the putting-greens are left in prone to an extent that indicates room for improvement in the sportswomanship of English lady golfers. ARNOLD WHITE.

American Air-brakes in Russia

IN a recent issue HARPER'S WEEKLY told of extensive purchases of locomotives and other railway appurtenances made by the Russian government from American manufacturers; and now is confirmed a rumor that the cars and engines of the great Trans-Siberian system are to be equipped with another product of American invention and skill—the Westinghouse automatic air-brake.

The extent of this order by Russia cannot be estimated in numbers or as to the money involved, even by the parties concerned; but this much is definitely settled—the Russian government has agreed to purchase all the brakes it will use during the ensuing four years from the Westinghouse people. Furthermore, the Tsar's representatives have appropriated the sum of $6,000,000, with which to purchase brakes, and probably all of this, and perhaps more, will be expended before January, 1904.

Russia is very desirous of developing manufacturing industries within her borders, and one condition of the contract is that the Westinghouse company shall do all of its manufacturing that is possible in Russian territory. Consequently a Westinghouse mill is now being operated at St. Petersburg, the officers and superintendents being, for the most part, Americans trained in the Pennsylvania and Illinois establishments of the Westinghouse company.

The gentleman directly credited with having carried to successful termination the enormous commercial victory is Mr. Albert Kapteyn, for years general manager of the English Westinghouse Air-brake Company. More than a year ago he started an investigation as to the equipment of the Trans-Siberian rolling-stock, and became so sanguine as to the possibilities that long before any contract was agreed upon he purchased a cotton-mill in St. Petersburg, and arranged for additional real estate when needed. This first step taken, he commenced to equip the building with necessary machinery, so that last December Russia saw the Westinghouse plant well under way.

It is likely that this unpretentious display of remarkable enterprise had something to do with the extremely favorable view taken by Russia a little later, for the Tsar's ministers are doing all in their power to rush the Trans-Siberian system to an early completion. Meanwhile the Russian Westinghouse Air-brake Company had been organized, with Mr. Kapteyn as vice-president, and before long Russia guaranteed to give it the first one-third of the six-million-dollar appropriation. This order called for the delivery of a certain portion of the apparatus in the present month of August, and to meet this condition the Westinghouse people have had to make the castings in Pittsburg, whence they have been shipped to Russia, and there finished in the new shops.

As the outlook grew more and more extensive, Mr. H. H. Westinghouse, general manager of the companies, went to St. Petersburg in order to lend his counsel should it be needed; and about two weeks ago a cablegram from the Tsar's capital announced that during the coming four years Westinghouse brakes would be installed on all locomotives and cars using improved apparatus throughout the Trans-Siberian system, from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok—ten thousand miles. It is believed that this may mean an expenditure of ten million dollars or more before the work is finished. One of the officials of the Westinghouse Company says that Russia is more favorably disposed toward American products and American methods than any other European country. That is one reason why no difficulty has been experienced in starting to operate the St. Petersburg shops and training Russian mechanics in the new work. The people generally have welcomed the introduction of new ideas, and are working hard to learn from the nucleus of a dozen skilled Americans sent there from the Westinghouse plants and offices in this country. The St. Petersburg plant will employ about 250 men at the outset, and the force will be increased as rapidly as possible. The Russian Westinghouse Company is now building a foundry for the purpose of making its own castings, and it is expected to be in running order some time next winter. Meanwhile castings will be supplied from the United States.

It is doubtful whether the present generation will ever see an order for railway equipment similar in kind and extent to that just given the Westinghouse people. Russia is probably the only European country with railways of length corresponding to those of the United States, for which automatic brakes are a necessity. And it was this necessity—this demand—that inspired George Westinghouse, Jr., thirty years ago, to make and develop his wonderful invention. Throughout Europe generally freight hauls are short, and the conditions in Russia are such that the Trans-Siberian system will really need automatic-brake apparatus as much as, if not more than, any American railway.

This Westinghouse contract differs in important particulars from other recent orders placed by Russia, for American locomotives, machinery, electrical supplies, etc. The air-brakes will be made almost wholly in Russia, by Russian workmen, and of Russian material, whereas the other products are being manufactured in American shops by American mechanics, who have consumed so much of American material that at the present time twenty-six steamships laden with iron ore and manganese are said to be hastening toward the single port of Philadelphia from Nova Scotia, Rio Janeiro, Australia, and even from far-off British India.

HENRY EDWARD ROOD.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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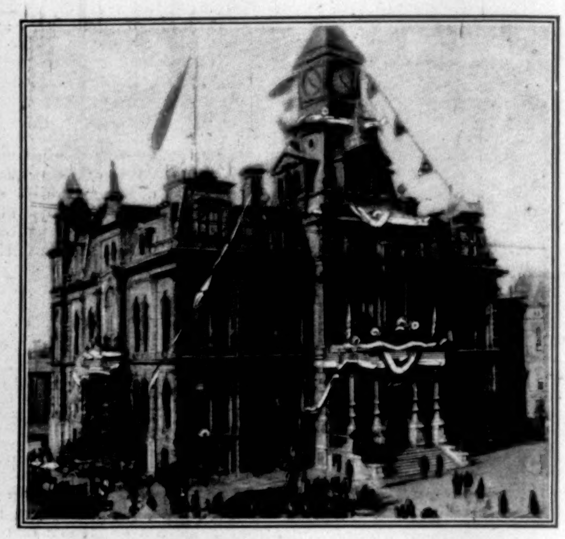
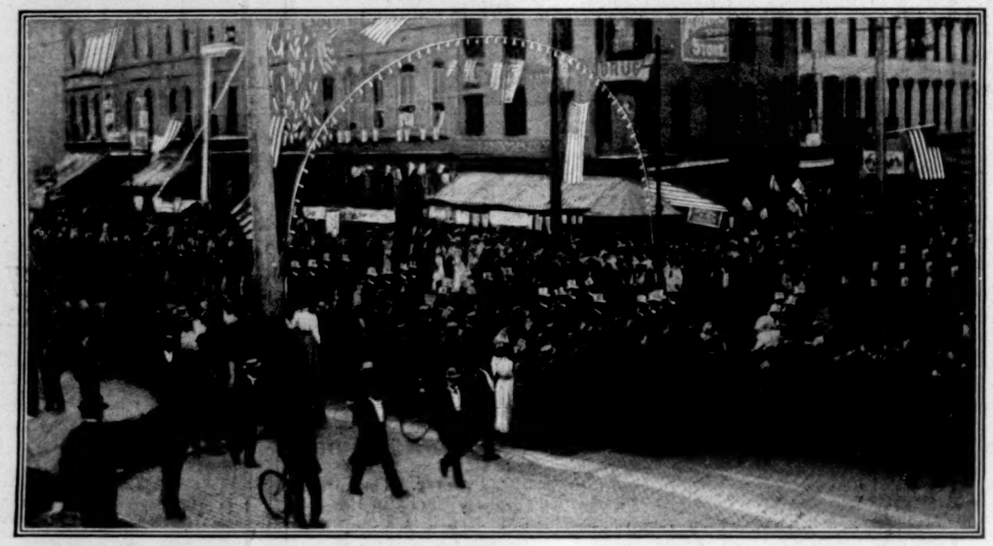
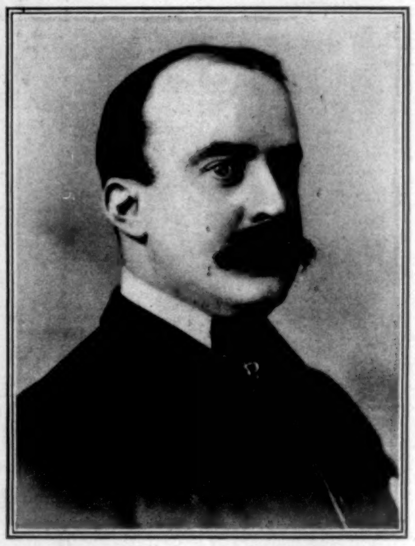

THE DECORATIONS ON THE COURT-HOUSE


THE DUCKWORTH CLUB MARCHING FROM THE CLARENDON HOTEL TO THE CONVENTION.


JOHN R. McLEAN,
Democratic Nominee for Governor of Ohio.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION AT ZANESVILLE ON AUGUST 30.

Houston's Loss

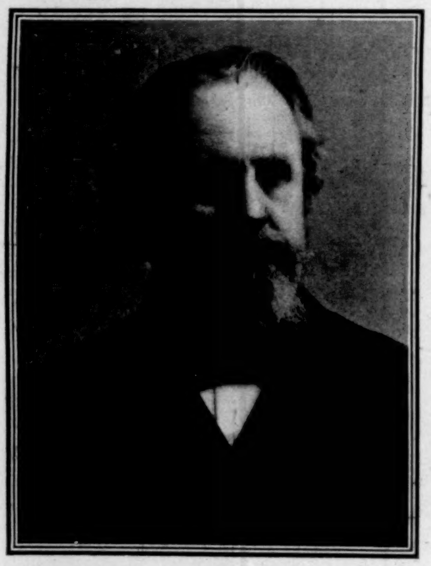
ALTHOUGH more than one thousand citizens of Houston, Texas, have enlisted in the army since President McKinley issued his first call for troops in 1898, only one Houstonian has fallen in battle—First-Lieutenant Alfred Wettemark Drew, of the Twelfth Infantry, who was instantly killed in an engagement with the Filipinos, near Angeles, on August 16. This promising young officer left Houston for the Philippines last spring, under orders to rejoin his regiment, which had preceded him thither, and from the time of his arrival until his death he saw almost continuous active service.

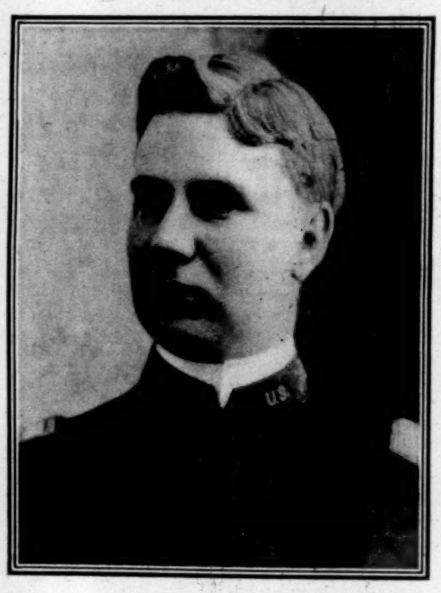
Lieutenant Drew, the son of a prominent banker, was born about thirty-two years ago, graduated from West Point in 1891, and served for a short time at Fort Leavenworth and Fort Niobrara before he was assigned to duty as military aide on the staff of Governor Culberson of Texas. On the outbreak of the war with Spain he was made senior Major of the Third Texas Infantry, and served in this capacity until the regiment was disbanded in the early part of the present year.

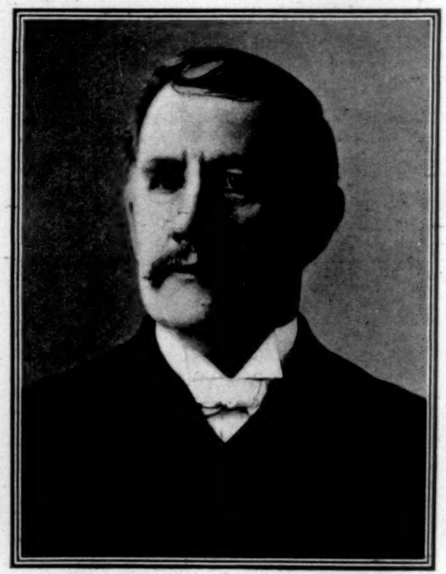
John Young Brown

KENTUCKY Democrats have two candidates for the Governorship in the field, and as both Mr. Goebel and Mr. Brown have given ample proof of the quality which distinguishes good fighters, it seems likely that the efforts of voters in that State to decide which Democratic candidate they shall prefer would make a contest of uncommon interest, even if the Republican nominee, General W. S. Taylor, were not also a man accustomed to force his way to success in spite of obstacles.

The anti-Goebel candidate for the Governorship, leader of the revolt against the regular Democratic nominee, is a typical Kentuckian, an older man than either of his rivals, and a man whose great popularity in his native State has at several periods in his career helped him to make his influence felt all through the South. John Young Brown was born in Hardin County, on June 28, 1835. When little more than twenty-one years of age he began the practice of law, and had already won reputation as a public speaker by his participation in political campaigns. In 1859 the Democrats of his district nominated him for Congress, elected him by a tremendous majority, and insisted that they would be represented by him or by no one, although he had protested he did not want the office, and had pointed to the fact that he had not attained the legal age for admission to the House. In the event, he was not allowed to take his seat until nearly two years after his election. He was chosen as a State elector on the Douglas ticket in 1860. His district again sent him to Congress, and again he was refused admission, this time because of his contributions to "the late unpleasantness." He was admitted to the Forty-third Congress, however, and made its members and the whole country his audience for a denunciation of General Butler. He was elected to the office of Governor in 1891.


JOHN YOUNG BROWN,
Independent Democratic Candidate for Governor of Kentucky.


LIEUTENANT ALFRED W. DREW,
12th U. S. Infantry. Killed by Insurgents near Angeles, Luzon.


DR. DAVID STANTON TAPPAN,
New President of Miami University.

The Federation of Australia

IT has been decided at last that there shall be an Australian Federation. After an agitation extending over eight years, the people of all the central colonies of the group have agreed to cast in their lot together, while those of the two colonies on the extreme east and west of the island continent only hesitate whether to join as original states or to wait for a few years, until local conditions render it easier to do so on financial grounds. As the Australian Commonwealth Act cannot now be passed until the next session of the imperial Parliament, early next year, time still remains for these two colonies—Queensland on the east and Western Australia on the west—to come in, and there is a strong probability that Queensland will do so. The case of Western Australia is somewhat different, and it is more than probable that for some years at least that vast and hardly explored territory will remain, as it is at present, a separate, self-governing colony. The result, so far as the completion of the federal union of the central colonies is concerned, will not be affected by the decision of the two undecided states, or colonies, so that it is now possible to form an estimate of the consequences likely to flow from the step now practically taken by the great mass of the people of Australia.

It will be remembered that the refusal of the colony of New South Wales a year ago to accept the proposed terms of federation had the effect of paralyzing the movement. According to the terms of the "enabling acts" passed by the three colonies whose people had agreed by overwhelming majorities to accept the scheme, there was nothing to hinder their union if their Parliaments agreed. In the absence of the mother-colony of the group—New South Wales—however, it was felt that nothing was to be gained by proceeding with the attempt, and it was not even proposed in any of the Parliaments. New South Wales thus confessedly held the key of the position, and, as the wealthiest and most populous of the colonies, she was practically in a position to dictate the terms on which an Australian Federation should be constituted. The amendments on which she has insisted, and which have now been accepted by three other colonies, are practically three — two being matters of principle, and the third a matter chiefly of sentiment.

The alterations of principle have reference, in both instances, to the supremacy of majority rule in the new federation. In deference to the expressed determination of the less populous colonies to join in no federation unless their interests were safeguarded by the constitution of a Senate modelled on that of this country, by securing an equal number of representatives to each state, irrespective of size or population, it had been agreed that each state should send six Senators to the Federal Parliament.

It was pointed out that such a provision was a more serious matter in a federation of five or six states — some of them of vast area, and two, at least, comparatively small —which could never be increased in number, than in the case of a federation of something like fifty states of varying sizes; and it was urged that this might very easily mean the rule of a very decided minority in the new commonwealth.

To remedy this, New South Wales insisted that provision must be made for the ultimate rule of the majority by a joint sitting of the two chambers of the Federal Parliament, if, after a dissolution and a new election, both of Senators representing states and of Representatives in the chamber representing population, they still failed to agree. This has finally been conceded, and the joint sitting, acting by a simple majority vote, has been agreed to. The second point involved the mode of amending the constitution, which under the original bill was very similar to that in force in the United States.

Here once more the complaint made was that it did not sufficiently provide for the rule of the majority of the whole people, which might practically be nullified by a comparatively small minority. The amendment now agreed to provides that a constitutional amendment shall first be submitted to the Federal Parliament, and if passed by an absolute majority of either chamber, and rejected by the other, it shall then be submitted by referendum to the vote of the electors in all the states; and should it then be assented to by an absolute majority of all the electors voting throughout the federation — provided that they also constitute a majority in a majority of the states — the amendment shall be embodied in the constitution. Thus both the amendments make for the supremacy of the majority vote, and, so far as they go, tend to curtail the powers of the Senate.

The third alteration provides that the capital of the new commonwealth—instead of being, as was proposed, left absolutely to the selection of the Federal Parliament when it met—shall be established at some place within the present colony of New South Wales. This concession, although a sentimental one on the part of the parent colony of Australia, is not without a substantial meaning. It was feared, and not without reason, that an effort would be made to secure for Melbourne the distinction of being the capital, to the commercial disadvantage of Sydney, and this proviso was insisted upon to render such a result impossible.

The matter now awaits only the action of the imperial Parliament, and the strongest assurances have already been given by the British cabinet that no time will be lost in passing the Australian Commonwealth Act through Parliament as soon as possible after it meets for its next session. English sentiment is strongly in favor of the federation of the Australian colonies, as it would be in favor of a similar proposal for South Africa, but it is at least open to doubt how far this sentiment is founded on any very intelligent appreciation of its probable results. A federated Australia will be found to be, within a short period, a cause of some anxiety to the mother-country. The experience of Canada might, indeed, have warned her that such was likely to be the case, and it is certainly not too much to say that the four million citizens of united Australia will prove to have quite as strong opinions of their own, and to be fully as much disposed to be aggressive in their Pacific policy, as Canada has shown herself in the questions that have arisen from time to time between her and this country. It is true that the questions likely to arise in the Pacific are fewer, and hardly so urgent as those that might give trouble in America, but the nature of the risk is the same, and in the people of Australia the British government are likely to find that they have to stand at the back of a community largely imbued with the ideas that gave rise to the Monroe doctrine in America.

Already more than once during the last twelve or fifteen years there have been mutterings that the natural destiny of Australia was to exercise no inconsiderable control—either alone or in partnership with New Zealand—over the future of the islands of the South Pacific; and the French possessions there, already established in the Loyalty group and sought for in the New Hebrides, as well as the possessions coveted by Germany, have been regarded as dangerous encroachments on the natural domain of Australia.

Just so long as the colonies, however prosperous and wealthy—and it is to be remembered that they are so to a far greater degree than Canada, and must soon outstrip her in population also—were separate, their influence was comparatively small on the policy of the mother-country; but it may be expected that within a very few years after federation the position will be altered. The Australian commonwealth, while technically powerless outside her own three miles' limit, will certainly consider that all matters affecting the South Pacific or the islands of the Oriental archipelago are very specially within her sphere of influence, and she will expect to be consulted, and to have her wishes given effect to by the British government in dealing with them. This is no fanciful anticipation; it has been freely urged during the struggle for federation as one of the strongest arguments in favor of its acceptance by the people. Had federated Australia existed the other day, she would certainly have expected to have a very powerful voice in the Samoan settlement, and neither this nor a number of other questions in that part of the world are yet in so settled a condition that they may not give trouble.

The position of imperial Britain is as yet a new one, and it remains to be seen whether there may not lurk, concealed under the imposing edifice of her great colonial empire, a new set of dangers and problems quite as serious as any that have arisen from the older and more familiar forms of empire.

Miami's President

THE Rev. David Stanton Tappan, whose election to the Presidency of Miami University was announced on August 15, is a member of a family which has supplied the cause of education with leaders at various periods during more than a century, and he has himself held important educational posts, as college trustee and member of boards of school-examiners, in the course of his professional career in both Iowa and Ohio.

He was born in Steubenville, Ohio, in 1845; was graduated from Miami University as valedictorian of the class of 1864; three years later completed his studies at the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny, Pennsylvania; accepted a call to Charleston, Iowa, and afterwards to Mount Pleasant in the same State, and until 1890 devoted himself to the work of the latter pastorate, but giving much attention also, as we have said, to problems of education as they presented themselves in the communities where his duty lay.

Returning to Ohio in the year last mentioned, he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Portsmouth, a position which he has continued to hold since that time He is the present Moderator of the Synod of Ohio.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

"THE Dreyfus incident," writes a correspondent of the WEEKLY who is exercised on that subject, "has only one moral. The man or woman, king, emperor, or queen, guilty of bribing an officer of a foreign army to betray his country should not be admitted into the good society of kings, emperors, or queens, and, furthermore, should be promptly expelled from the various kings' clubs, emperors' clubs, and queens' clubs, whether they be called the Order of the Garter, the Order of the Golden Fleece, or what not. It is bad enough in time of war, but in time of peace the baseness is too palpable." He goes on to say that for William the Outspoken to buy of some pitiful French scoundrel the information for providing which Dreyfus was punished was (if William really did it) a superlatively emphasized infamous outrage. "This European business of spies in time of peace must go," cries this iconoclast, and seems to reck not a groat that to realize his demand would be to demolish an organized industry so prevalent, apparently, in Europe that the wonder is a trust has not been formed to regulate its output and control competition. "Too long," cries this correspondent, "have we endured that men in the aggregate can do what men in single file would scorn to do." Why, bless the man, he'll say next that it is "infamous" for corporations to buy aldermen and hire legislatures! Has the great argument "a man *must* live!" no weight with him? Is it fair to blame William the Outspoken, or Humbert the Surreptitious, or Nicolas the Well-Intentioned for buying such French defenders as may be in the market, when the unbought defenders are such as we have seen on the witness-stand in the Dreyfus trial, bleating, bullying, scrouging, cheating, to fix a crime on an innocent man and save their precious honors? Wrong in monarchs to tempt men to dishonor? As wrong of France to maintain Prussian spies in Berlin as for Frenchmen to betray French secrets! Is not all fair in war, and, if so, in preparation for war also?

He can be no friend of modern war, this correspondent of ours who complains so. So long as so much of what the world deems desirable appears as stakes in the game between the strong and the slick, the slick will doubtless continue to use wiles and deceits and dishonors to filch advantage from the strong. And what the slick do, the strong will think they must needs do in retaliation. But perhaps matters are improving. It is no longer good form to torture information out of prisoners of war; presently, if civilization doesn't get a set-back, self-respecting governments may cease to be willing to maintain an apparatus for the creation and maintenance of traitors. That should certainly come. It is not sportsmanlike to tempt men to be traitors, especially in time of peace.

POST-CHAPLAIN ORVILLE J. NAVE, at Fort McPherson, Georgia, has made it a part of his business to distribute magazines and illustrated papers to the soldiers in garrisons and military hospitals in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. He cannot get literature enough to supply the demand, and offers to act as distributing agent for such readers of the WEEKLY as may care to help him. He writes that garrison duty in places where no English is spoken except by the soldiers, and where no English books are procurable, is dull work, and needs to be mitigated by infusions of reading-matter. He adds that large quantities can best be sent by freight, and that he has no funds to pay charges with, though once the papers get to him he has means of reaching the hospitals promptly and without expense.

THE need of some sort of fractional currency more convenient than silver for transmission through the mails has led to what seems like a concerted effort to induce the government to issue paper "shinplasters" of the value of twenty-five cents. Persons whose memory reaches back as far as the year 1876 will recall the paper fractional currency that came out during the war. It was a pretty poor form of money, and we don't want it back, but it had the merit of being easy to send in a letter. Silver coins are not so unfit to send by mail as is commonly supposed. If they are so wrapped up as not to break through the ends of the envelope they usually reach their destination. To be sure, it is not possible to send ninety-eight cents in coins without putting on an extra stamp, but a silver "quarter" goes readily enough. What every family needs is a bunch of tickets, such as are used for transfers on the street railways, out of which can be punched the index of such fractions of a dollar as are required. If either political party will bind itself to supply such bunches of tickets to the families of voters, it will get many votes. Postal orders may be had, as it is, but they are troublesome. We want something that is easy, and that may be hung on a nail, ready for use.

WALTER WELLMAN, arctic explorer, who started on June 26, 1898, from Tromsöe, Norway, to complete the exploration of Franz-Josef Land and, if possible, reach the pole, got back to Tromsöe on August 17. He was successful in his explorations of Franz-Josef Land, but a fall into a snow-covered crevasse disabled his right leg, and so crippled him that he could not get as far north as he expected, and as some other explorers have been. From Elmwood he sent Lieutenant Baldwin of the United States Weather Bureau (who went with him) north to Cape Heller, to build an outpost there. Lieutenant Baldwin did so, and called the outpost Fort McKinley. Leaving two men in charge of it, he returned to Elmwood for the winter. On February 18 Mr. Wellman started north, reached Fort McKinley in eight days, and found that one of the men left in charge there had died. Later in the course of his explorations he was disabled as described, and had to turn back, leaving part of his plans unexecuted. He is now in England.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON has no opinion of Africa as a refuge for American negroes. Writing from London to the New York *Age*, he points out that Europeans have now got control of almost the whole African continent. Morocco is an independent state, and so are Liberia and Abyssinia, but neither is attractive to American negroes. He finds no other part of Africa of which the British, French, Turks, Germans, or some other European people have not control, and there is no white man's government in Africa which seems to him preferable for negroes to the government of the United States.

That is not complimentary to the Europeans in Africa, for just now American dealings with the negroes in the South are characterized by scenes of unusual turbulence. At Darien, Georgia, the troops have been out in force to compass the arrest of a negro accused of crime, and a pretty close approximation to a race war has ensued. The white men are ahead—they always will be—and thirty or forty negro rioters are, or have been, in custody. At Peck, Florida, there is sore trouble, due to a cruel attack by Whitecaps on the colored clerk of a white postmaster. Seven of the Whitecaps are in the hands of United States marshals, and warrants are out for nine more, so that there promises to be a good deal of local dissatisfaction at Peck. At Greenwood, South Carolina, Whitecaps have been beating peaceable negroes, because, apparently, they could not stand their competition in the labor-market. There have been troubles of this sort in Louisiana and Texas also, and, indeed, wherever in any State black labor competes with white labor to a serious extent there is apt to be trouble. But the negroes constitute the chief laboring population of the South, and cannot be driven out, and are ill spared from any section from which they have been driven away. A New York paper told the other day of the visit to New York of Elijah Green, colored, of North Carolina, whose mission was to try to persuade several hundred negro refugees from Wilmington, North Carolina, to return. They are needed there as laborers, but they left at the time of the race disturbances, and few of them, it is said, are willing to go back.

It does not seem to be thoroughly comfortable for all negroes in the United States, but, after all, there are probably more negroes who are doing well in this country than in Africa; and in this country newspapers are plenty and in Africa they are scarce, and that, on the whole, is an advantage to the negroes. What happens in this country is usually known. What happens in Africa is sometimes known, oftener not.

A LARGE share of the responsibility for the current rise in the price of meat is laid to the defective system which governs the use of the public grazing-lands in the West. These lands, vast tracts of them in the States beyond the Mississippi, are at present only fit for grazing. They constitute from 75 to 95 per cent. of the total acreage of Arizona, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and Nevada, nearly 60 per cent. of California, and a great part of many other States. They cannot well be taken up in quarter-sections by settlers, because 160 acres of such land will not support a man. Small holdings are not worth buying, and the government no longer sells great tracts. No one owns these lands or looks out for them. Cattlemen and sheep-men contend for the use of them, the lands are overgrazed, and in many places land that formerly was good grazing-land is now desert. Texas owns its own public lands and looks after them, but in the other States such lands are the property of the Federal government. It is to the abuse and waste of these public lands that the inadequacy of our present meat-supply is said to be partly due. Good times have greatly increased the demand for meat, and are no doubt the immediate cause of the rise, but back of that is this deeper and more serious cause. The most practicable remedy suggested is the leasing of these public lands for comparatively short periods and in moderate-sized tracts, so that it will be to the interest of some one to maintain their productiveness.

If this waste of grazing-lands is so much to blame for the higher prices of meat, the situation will not be relieved by the establishment of new slaughter-houses to compete with the meat trust. If the evil is really as widespread and serious as is represented, it is in a way now to be remedied, for whatever concerns the price of meat will be remembered even in Congress.

THE School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, which is a recent offshoot of the Columbian University in Washington, was opened last November, and has made a satisfactory report of its first year's work. It gives the degrees of Master of Laws, Doctor of Laws, and Master of Diplomacy, and aspires to become an important centre for the instruction and training of future American diplomatists. Among the lecturers who are included in its faculty are Justices Harlan and Brewer, Mr. John W. Foster, formerly Secretary of State, Secretary Gage, Dr. David J. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Vandewater, the Assistant Attorney-General.

BOARDING-HOUSE-KEEPERS, and, indeed, all housekeepers who live in States where the liquor traffic is carefully regulated, should take warning by the recent fate of Miss Floretta Vining, of Hull, Massachusetts. Miss Vining has a fashionable boarding-house at Hull, and, according to her own testimony given in court, she ordered, at one time or another, divers cases of beer to be sent to her house for one of her boarders. The beer was ordered in her own name and charged to her. For this she was had up before a justice and fined $65. She has appealed to the Superior Court, and the case will come up again this month.

It is an interesting case, and Miss Vining and her boarders must be extremely indignant at the present issue of it. The violation of law, if there has been any, was apparently technical. "It only shows," the justice said, "how exceedingly dangerous it is to have anything to do with the business at all."

IN a recent paragraph in this page of the WEEKLY about the displeasure of sundry members of the Epworth League with the ruling of Attorney-General Griggs on the Army Canteen bill, it was held to be "scandalous" that the Epworth League should try to use its power as a religious body to regulate such a matter as the army canteen. A reader and friend of the WEEKLY in Cincinnati protests against this conclusion. "Why scandalous?" he writes:

> Is the canteen question outside the realm of morals, and is it to be regulated by the liquor power alone? Aside from the main question, we have certainly reached a strange condition when a large and earnest body of gentlemen and ladies is accused of "scandalous" conduct when they do not remain silent under such a monstrous perversion of plain English as the Attorney-General's decision.

Perhaps some word less harsh than "scandalous" will convey adequately and with less offence the idea which it was intended to disclose. The suggestion made and commented upon was that "a Methodist President should accede to the wishes of a great Methodist society" in suppressing the canteen. Suppose the President was a Roman Catholic, and a Catholic body sought to influence him as a Catholic to retain the canteen because it minimized intemperance among soldiers? Would the Epworth Leaguers like that? Or would they say that in our land state should not meddle with church nor church with state? The army is the concern of the state. When the Epworth Leaguers, as an organized religious body, attempt to change its regulations, they certainly seem to the present writer to go outside of their proper province. What they do as citizens is another matter, but in this case they did not act as citizens, but as organized Methodists.

As for what our correspondent calls the influence of the "liquor power" in the canteen question, it should not weigh a pin's weight, and no evidence has ever reached the WEEKLY that it does. Soldiers are not convicts in confinement. It is impracticable to keep alcohol out of them entirely and at all times. It is claimed for the canteen not that rum is good for the soldier and that he ought to have it, but that it is much less harmful to the soldier to buy moderate quantities of beer under supervision at a post exchange than to get drunk on bad whiskey in saloons.

THERE is nothing nowadays that a syndicate won't do, no intention that may not be credited to it, no hope that it may not entertain. An American syndicate is reported to have recently paid a million dollars for two small islands, La Cruza and La Ramon, off the shores of Cuba. They are said to be rich in iron, and—here comes in the syndicate's special rainbow—they are declared to be historically and unquestionably the islands to which the buccaneers who sacked Panama carried the captive women and all the treasures looted from that rich town. The syndicate finds basis for the hope that this pirate hoard may still remain, and may be discovered. They say a corporation has no soul, but no one denies that syndicates have imaginations.

THE will of George W. Mallory, of New Haven, includes, among other bequests, one of $5000 to educate poor students in the Yale Divinity School.

The opinion gains strength that bequests of this nature would do much more good if their purpose was so far changed that the money could be used to divert intending ministers into professions that are less crowded. The Congregational Church, especially, bewails the surplus of ministers. Dr. Magee Pratt is quoted, in the Hartford *Courant*, as vehemently declaring that there are 500 Congregational ministers already who cannot get jobs; that no more money is needed at present for the increase of educated ministers, and that "the present policy of purchasing impecunious students to fill the seminaries is an outrage on decency and justice."

The World of Finance

THE money-market is still watched with keen interest in Wall Street, and the stock-market has reflected promptly the occasional evidences of hardening tendency. It is very difficult to form any estimate of the amount of loanable funds in the interior of the country, but, as noted before, inquiries have been frequent as to the possibility of sending funds here to lend. An important change in the financial situation, as it affects banks and institutions at a distance from this centre, has been brought about by the combination of so many industrial concerns into one company, having its financial headquarters in Eastern cities or Chicago. The individual concerns have heretofore borrowed money needed for the conduct of their business at near-by points, thus affording employment for home capital. Now, in most cases, the financing is done through executive officers, who borrow money here or in some other Eastern city. This would apply particularly to such companies as the American Smelters, Federal Steel, and the like. Money will go where it is most in demand, if the security is acceptable; so in time this matter will adjust itself, with the probable result that this city will grow in importance as a moneyed centre; but it may be assumed that the unusual supply of funds in the West and Middle West is due to a considerable extent to these facts. Very few people expected to see money on call as low as 3½ per cent. on the last day of August, and yet loans were made on that day even one-half per cent. under that rate, and none above it. Still, it is not to be expected that we shall not have slightly higher rates, for there will be no diminution of the earning capacity of the many industries of the country for a long time to come, and the bulk of the crops has yet to be moved. All indications point to a yield of corn that will tax the facilities of the railroads, that are even now hampered by shortage of cars. This may prove a measure of blessing for the farmer, since it will tend to make the crop come to market more slowly.

In view of the enormous amount of tonnage in sight, it seems extraordinary that there should be a vestige left of the old methods of securing business, yet every once in a while competition leads to cutting of tariffs even now. From this city fair rates are maintained on West-bound business, but the East-bound rates on business originating west of the initial points of the trunk lines are not on a basis that gives an adequate return to the companies who have nothing to sell but transportation. It is said now that the attempt to assure concert between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad companies has come far short of realizing the hopes inspired by the conference between the high officials of each. The reason assigned is the discovery that each company had made contracts for transportation far ahead at rates below the tariff. If this is true, it reveals an unfortunate state of affairs, and one very hard to straighten out. However, the net returns now are good—only they might be much better.

One of the most important events in the railway world has been the preparation by the Union Pacific Railway Company for solidifying its interests, so that it shall have practically one line from Omaha and Kansas City to the Pacific Ocean at Portland, Oregon. To do this the stockholders have been asked to authorize an increase of $25,000,000 in the preferred and $7,800,000 in the common stock, raising them to $100,000,000 and $95,000,000 respectively. The additional issues will be used for taking up Oregon Railway and Navigation and Oregon Short Line securities already paying interest. Therefore the decline which followed the announcement, though in accord with previous experience, seemed unwarranted, particularly as the preferred stock has been put upon a four-per-cent. basis. Another instance of profit-taking and consequent decline in market quotations was seen after the declaration of the first dividend on the preferred stock of the Continental Tobacco Company. The average speculator gets his information at fourth or fifth hand, and generally not until the "insiders" and their friends have secured their lines.

The contest between the rival committees for the privilege of reorganizing the old Kansas City, Pittsburg, and Gulf Railroad Company does not interest a very large number of security-holders, perhaps, but it involves the question whether a management should be retained in control after its methods had resulted in bankruptcy for the company. Aside from the merits of the plan proposed by the New York committee, the fact that it represents a party opposed to the old management would seem to give it a decided advantage over the Philadelphia committee. It will be a great relief to the Southwestern Railway situation to have the road operated on business methods.

The stock-market has been influenced to some extent by the uncertainty in England regarding the outcome of the Transvaal difficulties, as the arbitrage business has at times been quite a factor, the prices of our stocks in London often governing the initial prices here.

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The National Export Exposition, which opens at Philadelphia on September 14 and continues until November 30, will be the most interesting and important event occurring in Philadelphia since the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. In addition to its valuable commercial exhibits, it will present many features of popular interest and amusement. The United States Marine Band, Sousa's Band, the Banda Rossa, Innes' Band, Damrosch's Orchestra, and other celebrated bands will furnish music alternately, and a Midway Plaisance, equal if not superior to the famous World's Fair Midway at Chicago, and comprising a Chinese Village, a Chinese Theatre, acrobats, and customs; an Oriental Village, London Ghost Show, Hagenbeck's Wild Animal Show, Blarney Castle, and many other unique presentations, will furnish abundant and diversified amusement. Arrangements have also been made for Mandolin, Guitar, and Banjo Concerts, and for a grand chorus from the German Singing Societies.

For this occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line, to Philadelphia and return, at rate of a fare and a third for the round trip plus price of admission. These tickets will be sold during the continuance of the Exposition and will be good for return passage until November 30.

For specific rates and additional information apply to nearest Ticket Agent.

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The tour will leave New York 7.55 A.M., and Philadelphia 12.20 P.M., Saturday, September 16, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of five days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the *extremely low rate* of $25 from New York, $24 from Trenton, $22 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N.J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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The Sculptors' Patriotism

SILENCE is often as eloquent as words. While thousands of citizens along the line of the Dewey parade will be roaring themselves hoarse in welcome to the Admiral and in excess of patriotism, there will be a number of figures in Madison Square, standing singly and in groups, with dumb mouths, motionless. Yet they will be no less eloquent. I speak of the statuary which will adorn the triumphal arch and its approaches.

It is not only that the individual figures represent famous seamen of the past, men whose names conjure up a host of patriotic memories and recall the great crises through which the republic has passed; not only that the groups portray symbolically such stirring episodes as "The Call to Arms" and "The Triumphal Return"; but behind all these are the patriotism and civic pride of the sculptors who planned them. Their share in the Dewey reception is without a precedent. Triumphal arches have been raised before now, and sculptors have decorated them. The initiative has come from the municipality or the people. But when did a body of artists, unsolicited, come forward with so elaborate a scheme, and render its acceptance almost a matter of course by making a present of their services? A mere suggestion to the authorities would probably have carried little weight. It is to the credit of the National Sculpture Society that, together with generous enthusiasm, it had the shrewd business sense to see that a definite scheme must be presented, and the ways and means of executing it made clear. While every one else was beating the air with hints and admonitions, the society acted.

The architect of the scheme is Mr. Charles R. Lamb. He took as his model the arch of Titus, but has introduced many modifications to meet the specific requirements of the site. The design affords scope for liberal embellishment with sculpture. That was intentional. The society meant it to be a sculptors' gift, and to give opportunity for as many of its members as possible to be represented. The roll of honor, which includes twenty-eight names, is as follows: J. Q. A. Ward, the president of the society; Philip Martiny, Karl Bitter, Charles H. Niehaus, Daniel C. French, William Couper, Johannes Gelert, R. Hinton Perry, Isidore Konti, Henry Baerer, C. F. Hamann, Ralph Goddard, Frederick Moynihan, F. R. Kaldenberg, Caspar Buberl, E. C. Potter, H. K. Bush-Brown, George T. Brewster, T. S. Clarke, J. J. Boyle, J. S. Hartley, H. A. Lukeman, W. O. Partridge, E. P. Proctor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, George E. Bissell, Charles Lopez, and Herbert Adams.

Each of these sculptors executed his model in the small. This was cast in plaster, and then enlarged by assistants employed at the charge of the city. The spot selected for this process was across the square in the Madison Square Garden, very suitable for the purpose, as its nearness to the arch reduces the expense of transportation and the risk of damage. Here, on the ground-floor, in the place where the horses are stabled at the horse show, is a scene which recalls in many ways the one that some of us remember in the Forestry Building at the World's Fair, which during the period of construction was the headquarters of the sculptors. It is not only that the actual process is identical, but the work is being done under the influence of the same enthusiasm and accompanied by a similar rush against time. The statues are being enlarged in "staff," that exceedingly interesting fake process by which are secured great rapidity of execution, sufficient artistic treatment for the purpose, and enough durability to outlast the statue's short existence. A frame-work of wood is first built up. The broad shoulders and deep chest, even the general curves of the legs, are approximately reproduced by cunning adjustment of slats. Over this is nailed wire netting, in which still closer approximation to the correct shape can be obtained. It affords, also, a tightly gripping surface upon which to lay the outer shell of quick-drying plaster. The expedients adopted to imitate reality are numerous and exceedingly interesting to watch. The elegant curves of a Victory's figure will be assisted by skilful bunching of excelsior; that naval hero's trousers are made of burlaps. The stuff, steeped in a solution of plaster, is hung around the leg, and, as it stiffens, forced into the requisite folds. As the work proceeds, more plaster of Paris, of a consistency of thin paste, is laid over the whole figure. It dries quickly, and then, with violent blows of a sort of chisel-hammer, the finishing touches are given. Nothing could be more rough and ready than the method, and yet, in skilful hands, it can produce with considerable fidelity the spirit of the sculptor's model.

The site of the arch is upon the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. Madison Square is probably at present the focal point of the city, and on this occasion it will certainly form the centre of interest of the whole line of march. The thanks for this are entirely due to the sculptors, who will give an object-lesson not only of patriotism, but also of their art.

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